

THE
POETICAL FARRAGO:

BEING
A MISCELLANEOUS ASSEMBLAGE

OF
EPIGRAMS

AND OTHER
JEUX D'ESPRIT,

SELECTED FROM
THE MOST APPROVED WRITERS.

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est FARRAGO libelli.

Juv. Sat. i. L. 85.

—— Diligenter intueri has nœnias;
Quantam sub illis utilitatem reperiēs!

Phædr.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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POETICAL FARRAGO.

THE ANTIQUATED STOIC.

“ BEAR and forbear ;” thus preach the Stoic sages ;
And in two words include the sense of pages.
With patience bear life’s certain ills ; and oh !
Forbear those pleasures which must end in woe.
With these wise maxims Sappho still can treat us,
And prove her text from Carter’s Epictetus.
Thus to be stoics each fair friend she teaches,
Whilst Sappho ne’er can practise what she preaches ;
For, turn’d of fifty, we may safely swear,
Sappho will neither *bear*, nor yet *forbear*.

VERSES

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY’S MILTON.

CHLOE, to Chloe’s foibles somewhat blind,
Admires the froward whims of woman-kind.
“ Strange ! that our mother Eve, so void of grace,
“ Should for an *apple* curse the human race !”

Her censures thus on Eve rash Chloe pours,
 Whilst she herself green fruit and chalk devours.
 But cease, fair maid, that fatal crime to blame,
 When you, more frail, had surely done the same :
 For less restraint your maker's will had cross'd,
 Nay, for a *crab*, your paradise had lost.

ON

A QUACK,

WHO " TRAVELS BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT."

YE solemn tribe, who write—and take your fees,
 Adorn'd with English or with Scotch degrees ;
 Who boast of licenses, and idly puff
 Your lectures, hospitals, and such vain stuff ;
 Behold a man, of more intrinsic worth,
 For public good, tho' " gouty," fallies forth !
 " His uncle's pupil,"—who, for thirty years,
 Has check'd the widows and the orphan's tears ;
 " Allow'd by all a most ingenious" sage ;
 Styl'd by himself, " the wonder of the age * !" }
 The great Shappee ! who scorns your letter'd skill,
 Your Baylis, Lucas, or e'en Dr. Hill,
 Sent forth—" by act of parliament,"—to kill.

* The words of his advertisement.

BASSUS, it seems, aloud complains,
 He's made the subject of my strains;
 Declares: "a word I never spoke,
 "That could a poet's spleen provoke;
 "Why vents he then on me his spite,
 "Who hardly know the man by sight?"
 Why, Bassus, who can tamely bear,
 Thy pompous strut, thy haughty air?
 Our streets, tho' reasonably wide,
 Are scarce sufficient for thy pride:
Affronts are not to *words* confin'd,
 Thy *look's* an *insult* to mankind.

EPIGRAMS.

THE CARTER TURN'D LOGICIAN.

GILES Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
 Some pilf'ring villains stole his team away;
 Giles wakes and cries—"What's here, a dickins! what
 "Why how now—Am I Giles? or am I not?
 "If he, I've lost six geldings, to my smart;
 "If not—oddsbuddikens, I've found a cart."

ON ONE MRS. JUSTICE,
CONVICTED OF SHOP-LIFTING.

IN life with what surprizing turns we meet,
E'en Justice has become an errant cheat.
Alas ! who honestly herself will trust,
Or truth believe, when Justice is unjust !

ON
A GENTLEMAN,
WHOSE THIGH WAS PUT OUT OF JOINT, BY A YOUNG
LADY WHOM HE ATTEMPTED TO KISS, AS SHE
WAS PLAYING ON HER SPINNET.

WHEN Delia did her heav'nly notes impart,
And sent the thrilling poison to my heart,
In vain, to snatch a fragrant kiss I strove
From the soft lips of my angelic love ;
For she, alas ! like Jacob's angel prov'd,
And out of joint my halting thigh she mov'd ;
Since then presumptuously I dar'd engage,
Like him, an angel, and angelic rage,
Sustain'd like him, why did I not obtain
Like him the blessing to reward my pain.

~~~~~



ON  
A SHORT CLERGYMAN!

---

I WENT to M—r—d—n one sabbath even,  
To hear the priest direct the way to heav'n ;  
I heard, but cou'd not see ; the stately pew,  
And lofty pulpit, hid him from our view ;  
With heav'nly truths he charms our list'ning ears,  
The truths we hear ; the preacher ne'er appears ;  
Then laugh no more when Homer's tripods walk,  
Since now our desks can pray, and pulpits talk.

---

ARGOS, ULYSSES' DOG.

BY MR. POPE.

---

WHEN wife Ulysses, from his native coast,  
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,  
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,  
To all his friends, and e'en his queen unknown ;  
Chang'd as he was with age, and toils, and cares,  
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and grey his hairs ;  
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,  
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed ;  
Forgot of all his own domestic crew,  
His faithful dog his rightful master knew ;

Unfed, unhous'd, neglected on the clay,  
 Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay;  
 And tho' e'en then expiring on the plain,  
 Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,  
 And longing to behold his antient lord again;  
 Him, when he saw, he rose, and crawl'd to meet,  
 ('Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and kifs'd his feet,  
 Seiz'd with dumb joy, then falling by his side,  
 Own'd his returning lord—look'd up—and dy'd.

---

EPIGRAM.

---

THE day was fixt, the nuptial band prepare,  
 To give to Damon's arms his Cælia fair;  
 When, strange to tell, the fickle maid demurs,  
 And to some luckier morn the match defers.  
 Vainly with love's soft rhet'rick Damon pleads;  
 The more he presses, she the more recedes:  
 The guests depart displeas'd, and Hymen swore,  
 He'd never light his torch for Cælia more.  
 Damon, whose thoughts were full of fancy'd joys,  
 Upon his lonely pillow fighting lies;  
 And Cælia, who refus'd the nuptial bed,  
 Is quickly in the grave's cold bosom laid.  
 Learn hence, ye fair, inconstancy to shun,  
 Nor trifle with the hearts your eyes have won,  
 Lest fate should take the slighted lover's part,  
 And Death, instead of Cupid, point his dart.

ON  
SOME PRESENTS OF SHELLS  
TO LADY WALPOLE.

---

LEARN from the isles, ye Britons, learn,  
Exalted merit to discern,  
And free from prejudice and passion,  
Do homage to its exaltation.  
Shall Chelsea grot its beauty owe  
To presents puny isles bestow?  
The fame of Walpole is above,<sup>1</sup>  
Mean monuments of private love.  
Let Chelsea grotto be bedeckt  
With marks of national respect.  
Once more equip a gallant fleet,  
Your naval glory to compleat.  
A fleet, whose conquests may be read  
With W——r's triumphs at Spithead.  
One summer's expedition more,  
Pacific, near the Gallic shore;  
Might bravely gather rich supplies  
Of shells (romantic enterprize!)  
Adorn the grot with foreign spoils,  
And scorn the tribute of the isles.  
Caligula, the ocean's lord,  
(The conquerors o' th' world on board)

So triumph'd, with his merry host  
Of heroes, on the German coast ;  
Return'd with captive cockles home,  
And stor'd with shells the grotts of Rome.

---

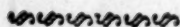
TO DELIA.

---

IF the quick spirits, Delia, in your eye,  
E'er long will languish, and must one day die,  
If ev'ry beauty, ev'ry youthful grace,  
Must surely fly from that forsaken face ;  
Then let us, lovely charmer, reap our joys,  
E'er cruel time such goodly fruit destroys.

But if those jetty locks must ever grow,  
Nor e'er be whiten'd o'er with age's snow ;  
If those bright suns, thy eyes, must know no shade,  
And, thy now blooming beauties, never fade,  
Then scruple not, my Delia, to bestow,  
What freely gather'd, shall as freely grow.

Thus, nymph, whate'er the effects of time may prove,  
They furnish motives strong for present love.





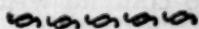
## TO THE SAME,

AFTER SOME INSOLENT CARRIAGE FROM HER.

KNOW, Delia, since thou art become so proud,  
'Twas I, 'twas I, that gave thee thy renown,  
Else hadst thou still in the forgotten crowd,  
Of vulgar slighted beauties liv'd unknown.  
My muse, ungrateful nymph ! has giv'n thee fame,  
And in my verse so many chaunt thy name.

That killing pow'r you boast ! it is not thine,  
'Twas I that gave it to thy voice and eyes,  
If, like the brilliant Cyprian star, you shine,  
'Twas on my muse's wings you gain'd the skies,  
Then dart not, Delia, from thy borrow'd sphere  
Destructive beams on him that fixt thee there.

Repeat to me thy Goddess's airs no more,  
Left I, provok'd, my idol uncreate,  
Let others, nymph, thy mystic forms adore,  
Let me approach thee in thy mortal state.  
Poets, you know, who truth disguis'd with tales,  
Knew her themselves thro' all her artful veils.



MARTIAL,

LIB. I. EPIGRAM 87.

---

**M**Y neighbour Hunks's house, and mine,  
 Are built so near they almost join,  
 The windows too project so much,  
 That thro' the casements we may touch :  
 Nay, I'm so happy, most men think,  
 To live so near a man of chink,  
 That they are apt to envy me  
 For keeping such good company.  
 But he's as far from me, I vow,  
 As London is from good lord How,  
 Who sooths the poor Barbadoes folks,  
 All gall'd and raw with L——r's yokes.  
 For when old Huncks I chance to meet,  
 Or one or both must quit the street ;  
     Thus he, that would not see old Roger,  
     Must be his neighbour, or his lodger.

---

EPIGRAMS.

I.

---

**M**Y fickly spouse, with many a sigh,  
 Oft tells me—Billy, I shall die.  
 I griev'd, but recollected strait,  
 'Tis bootless—to contend with fate.

So resignation to heav'ns will  
Prepar'd me for succeeding ill;  
'Twas well it did, for on my life  
'Twas heav'ns will—to spare my wife.

## II.

Cries one-ey'd Ned to jeering Sue,  
One good is worth your squinting two.

## III.

Nell try'd for stealing linen, answers swift,  
Compell'd, thro' want, she did it—for a shift.

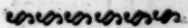
## IV.

Some gallipots falling (a well tim'd disaster)  
Broke his head while poor Syringe was spreading a  
plaister.

## ON

## SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S BUSTO.

WHILE Caroline to learning just,  
Raifes, to grace great Newton's dust,  
A monument of Parian stone,  
Of Adamant she builds her own.



## TO CELIA,

ON HER LOVER'S THREATENING HER HE WOULD HANG  
HIMSELF IF SHE REFUSED TO MARRY HIM.

---

**T**'EXTORT (unwilling Celia!) from thy fear  
The nuptial vow, does Lord Corinthian swear  
He'll hang himself, if you his suit deny?  
Celia! be easy, for my lord can lie.  
Yet to requite a courtship so absurd,  
Tell him you'll mind him when he has kept his word.

---

**SAUN'TRING** with merry Jack of late,  
We spy'd an odd triumvirate;  
Two, almost as the Saxon tall,  
The third, like Æsop, crook'd and small;  
The tall their parting congee's made,  
The pigmy ne'er declin'd his head.  
Says I, "that dwarf no manners shews;"  
"You err," cries Jack, "he always bows."

---

**GREAT** wits do not live many days,  
So the old English proverb says:  
How vain is each ambitious bard's endeavour?  
If this be true—O Laureat live for ever!



---

TO  
PHŒBE FROWNING.

---

ALCIDE'S darts on wings of slaughter flew,  
Yet, not appeas'd, he'd have them poison too.  
So Phœbe adds the poison of a frown  
To charms that of themselves but kill too soon.

---

ON  
FIDELIA'S COURTSHIP OF DEAN SWIFT.

---

FIDELIA, be advis'd by me,  
Look blithe as lady may'refs;  
Tho' the dean's wife thou must not be,  
Yet thou may'ft be his heirefs.

---

VERSES

LEFT ON A YOUNG LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

---

BY J. W—DY—R, ESQ.

---

THIS mirror view, without reserve, my fair,  
An angel's goodness thou'lt contemplate there:  
Should *others* view, behold perfection's gone—  
When *thou* behold'ft 'tis there for thee alone.

## FROM THE LATIN.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN WESTLEY, A. M.

---

AS o'er fair Chloe's rosy cheek  
Careless a little vagrant past,  
With artful hand around his waist,  
A slender chain the virgin cast,

As Juno near her throne above  
Her spangled bird delights to see ;  
As Venus has her fav'rite dove,  
Chloe shall have her fav'rite flea.

Pleas'd with his chains, with nimble steps  
He o'er her snowy bosom stray'd !  
Now on her panting breast he leaps,  
Now hides between his little head.

Leaving, at length, his old abode,  
He found, by thirst or fortune led,  
Her swelling lips, that brighter glow'd  
Than roses in their native bed.

Chloe, your artful bands undo,  
Nor for your captive's safety fear ;  
No artful bands are needful now,  
To keep the willing vagrant here.

While on that heaven 'tis given to stay.  
(Who would not wish to be so blest)  
No force can drive him once away,  
'Till death shall seize his destin'd breast.

---

## STANZAS

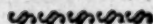
ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

AMIDST the clamours of exulting joys,  
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart!  
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,  
And quells the raptures which from pleasure start!

O! Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe  
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;  
Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,  
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,  
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:  
Yet they shall know thou conquere'st, tho' dead!  
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise,



THE  
CURE OF JEALOUSY.

BY WALSH.

---

WHAT tortures can there be in hell,  
Compar'd to what fond lovers feel,  
When doating on some fair one's charms,  
They think she yields 'em to their rival's arms?

As lions, tho' they once were tame,  
Yet if sharp wounds their rage inflame,  
Lift up their stormy voices, roar,  
And tear the keepers they obey'd before:

So fares the lover, when his breast  
By jealous frenzy is possess'd;  
Forswears the nymph for whom he burns,  
Yet strait to her whom he forswears returns.

But when the fair resolves his doubt,  
The love comes in, the fear goes out;  
The cloud of jealousy's dispell'd,  
And the bright sun of innocence reveal'd.

With what strange raptures is he blest!  
Raptures too great to be express'd!  
Tho' hard the torment's to endure,  
Who would not have the sickness, for the cure?



## EPIGRAM

ON THE CALVE'S-HEAD CLUB.

---

AT last 'tis plain, some whigs are as of yore,  
The same in forty-eight and thirty-four ;  
Kings and all kingly government they hate ;  
And whig and round-head differ but in date.  
Take care, great George, who's next : for those who dine  
On sacred Charles's head, would sup on thine.

---

ON  
GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE.

---

WHEN Egypt's host God's chosen tribe pursu'd,  
In crystal walls th' admiring waters stood ;  
When thro' the dreary wastes they took their way,  
The rock relented, and pour'd forth a sea.  
What limits can th' Almighty goodness know,  
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow ?

---

ON PRINTING.

---

HORSES and asses, flies and devils do  
Their labour in the printing art bestow ;  
No wonder, thence such loads of lumber rise,  
Dulness and maggots, calumny and lies.

## EPIGRAM.

**T**WO masters no man e'er could please,  
 In sacred writ is told ;  
 I fear it meant two mistresses ;  
 If so, the rule will hold :  
 Whole two ! nay, where's the man can say,  
 He pleas'd one mistress half a day ?

## L I N E S

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE TO A LADY, WHO ASK'D, WHAT  
 THIS WORLD WAS LIKE ?

**T**HIS world is a prison in every respect,  
 Whose walls are the heavens in common,  
 The gaoler is sin, and the prisoners men,  
 And the fetters are nothing but—woman.

## O N

## TWO COURTIER'S.

**H**AL once in place, in place again would be,  
 Bob still in place would keep it willingly.  
 Hal whilst in place, committed blunders many,  
 And Bob wont say he ne'er committed any.  
 Which blunder'd most ? I think there is no doubt  
 One blunder'd in, the other in and out.

ON  
DEAN SWIFT'S DEAFNESS.

WHAT though the dean hears not the knell  
Of the next church's passing bell ;  
What, though the thunder from a cloud,  
Or that from female tongue more loud,  
Alarm not : at the drapier's ear  
Chink but Wood's half-pence, and he'll hear.

L I N E S

WROTE BEFORE BISHOP B——T'S HISTORY.

DE Retz in egotisms falls short of thee,  
His books are minutes, thine an history.  
Pride, disappointment did thy soul intrude,  
Against known truths thou open war dost wage,  
Saint in thy preface, Mendez in each page—  
Thy last will shews thou would'st earth's penance save,  
There is nor shame, nor sorrow in the grave.

TO  
CHLOE MISTAKEN.

---

THO' other fair I fing, and have in view,  
Yet you are pleas'd, because you think 'tis you.  
Whene'er I draw a mistress, or a wife,  
You beg the copy, and you say—'tis life.  
Deluded nymph, forbear your fond desire,  
'Tis not your picture, but you mine admire;  
For whilst I seem your praises to advance,  
'Tis but a copy of my countenance.

---

TO  
DR. ATKINS, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY AARON HILL.

---

TO a length of new birth-days your health we drink  
round,  
In this glass of good punch may your sickness be drown'd ;  
You've incur'd a long life, by your gout held so fast,  
And your grand climacteric, this morning, o'erpass :  
So, we've nothing to wish you, but bliss, at a stay,  
'Till the nation hates *bribes*, and her *rogues* run away.



TO  
A SATIRICAL YOUNG LADY.

BY THE SAME.

---

FORBEAR, loud thing ! to live in laugh and jest,  
Wit is like love—the softest is the best !  
If thou, by this, wouldst lively thought proclaim,  
If empty praise is thy wild fancy's aim ;  
A while this salt may season single life,  
But no man's taste approves a *piquant* wife.  
Be *wife*, and match, and charm, by judgment's aid,  
Or *witty*, and despis'd, and die a *maid*.  
So the thin razors, which young learners please,  
Grow notch'd, and edgeless, by unmark'd degrees ;  
'Till worn, and blunted, by too frequent use,  
Th' experienc'd hand detects the steel's abuse ;  
Then cheaply thrown aside, they gather dust,  
Like thee, neglected, 'till consum'd by rust.

---

BY THE SAME.

---

OH ! forbear to bid me flight her,  
Soul and senses take her part ;  
Could my death itself delight her,  
Life should leap, to leave my heart.  
Strong, tho' soft, a lover's chain,  
Charm'd with woe, and pleas'd with pain.

Tho' the tender flame were dying,  
 Love would light it at her eyes ;  
 Or, her tuneful voice applying,  
 Thro' my ear, my soul surprize.  
*Blind, I see the fate I shun,*  
*Deaf, I hear I am undone.*

## H I N T

FROM SOME OLD VERSES, ON A STONE, IN  
 STEPNEY CHURCH-WALL.

BY THE SAME.

**T**WO thousand years 'ere Stepney had a name,  
 In Carthage walls, I shar'd the Punic fame ;  
 There, to the strongest added strength I lent,  
 And proudly propp'd the world's best ornament.  
 Now, to cold Britain, a torn transport, thrown,  
 I piece a church-yard pile, unmark'd, unknown :  
 Stain'd, and half sunk in dirt, my sculpture lies,  
 And moulders, like the graves, which round me rise.  
 Oh ! think, blind mortals, what frail dust you claim,  
 And laugh at wealth, wit, beauty, pow'r, and fame ;  
 Short praise can fleeting hopes, like your's, supply,  
 Since times, and tongues, and tow'rs, and empires *die !*

ON  
THE BIRTH-DAY OF MISS ———  
BY THE SAME.

---

CARE be banish'd far away—  
Fly, be gone, approach not here :  
Mirth, and joy, demand this day,  
Happiest day of all the year !

Summers, three times sev'n, have shone,  
All out-shin'd by Delia's eyes :  
Winters, three times sev'n, are gone,  
All whose snows her breast supplies.

Dance we, then, the chearful round,  
Music might have stay'd away ;  
She but speaking, *organs* sound ;  
She but smiling, *angels* play.

'Tis her birth-day—let it blaze !  
Born to charm, and form'd for bliss :  
Live she lov'd, a world of days,  
Ev'ry day as blest'd as this.

Let her beauty not increase ;  
Too, too strong, already, there !  
But, let heav'n augment her peace,  
'Till she's *happy*, as she's *fair*.

## THE GLOVE.

BY THE SAME.

TELL me, sweet glove, what name the charmer bears,  
Whose snowy hand thy downy cov'ring wears ?

" 'Tis a dear name, I am forbid to tell,

" But these distinguish'd marks may paint her well :—

" She gently awful, winningly severe,

" Charms when she speaks, yet rather loves to hear ;

" Wise, as a God ; as fancy'd angels, fair ;

" Lovely as light, and soft as upper air."

Enough, sweet glove ! by this plain picture taught,

H—e, I find, is the dear name I sought.

## EPIGRAM.

BY THE SAME.

WIDOW W—ks came, of late, in a terrible rage,  
To the other *old ladies*, joint props of her stage :

" Hear me, sisters," she cry'd, " I pronounce a decree,

" We'll have no more new tragedies—take that from  
" me.

" When we make the town laugh, I'm as merry as they,

" But, I'm ten times more sad at a grave losing play :

“ Never tell me of *sense*—it has cost me a fall,  
“ And if *nonsense* befriends not, I am sure to lose all.”  
“ Well, well,” cry’d J—k E—l—s, and shrugg’d,  
    with a sneer,  
“ Tho’ you’ll give ’em no tragedy, what should you  
    “ fear ?  
“ Say, when ask’d, why ’twas done, your next benefit  
    “ night,  
“ Nature form’d you for *farce*—and they’ll swear you  
    “ say right.”

---

FROM  
THE GERMAN.

---

WHILE yon enlivening orb of day  
    To William yields its light,  
He to no other lasfs will stray,  
    Nor faithful Anna flight.

Thus Will to Nance, with ardour, said ;  
    And kept his word, I ween,  
Nor, till the sun had gone to bed,  
    Met Sophy on the green.

~~~~~


FROM
THE FRENCH OF BARRATON.

TO Cato once a frightened Roman flew ;
The night before a rat had knaw'd his shoe ;
Terrible omen by the Gods decreed !
" Cheer up, my friend," said Cato, " mind not that ;
" Though if, instead, your shoe had knaw'd the rat,
" It would have been a fearful sign indeed."

EPITAPH
ON A LAWYER.

HIC jacet Jacobus Straw,
Who forty years follow'd the law,
When he dy'd,
The devil cry'd,
" James, give us your paw."

ON
A GRUB-STREET POET.

WHEN Pope or Milton charm our captur'd eyes,
It is the *poet*, not the *verse*, we prize ;
But here the bard, on *equal footing*, see,
Whose *bobling* lines are no less *lame* than he.

ON
THE KING'S RECOVERY.

NOT with more grief did Adam first survey,
With doubts perplex't, the setting orb of day,
Not more his joy, th'ensuing morn, to view
That splendid orb its glorious course renew,
Than was thy joy, Britannia, and thy pain,
When set thy sun, and when he rose again.

TO HIS MAJESTY,
ON THE ATTEMPT OF MARGARET NICHOLSON.

THO' female frenzy aim'd the murderous blow,
Dear Albion's father, be the triumph thine
Since heaven thus proves his favourite charge below,
And makes thy country's love immortal shine.

ON
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.
BY BISHOP ATTERBURY.

THREE Frenchmen, grateful in their way,
Sir Robert's glory would display ;
Studious by sifter arts t'advance
The honor of a friend of France.

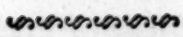
They consecrate to Walpole's fame
Picture, verse, and anagram.
With mottos quaint, the print they dress,
With snakes, with rocks, with goddesses.
Their lines beneath the subject fit,
As well for quantity as wit.
Thy glory, Walpole, thus enroll'd,
E'en foes delighted may behold ;
For ever sacred be to thee
Such sculpture, and such poetry.

TRANSLATION

OF A LATIN DISTICH ENGRAVEN ON AN ORGAN IN
THE LITCHFIELD MUSEUM.

BY MISS SEWARD.

THE docile gales, that here imprison'd dwell,
Do thou release from ev'ry hollow cell ;
They, for their freedom, shall the gift repay,
With sounds respondent to thy dulcet lay.



IMPROMPTU,

UPON DR. WATSON'S NOT PERMITTING A CARPENTER OF
CAMBRIDGE, OF THE NAME OF DAY, TO ERECT A
PERMANENT THEATRE AT STIRBITCH FAIR.

BY A JOHNIAN.

THEY tell us a tale, in Ascalon's vale,
Dan Jos. stopp'd the *sun* on his way ;
As great is the power of Landaff, this hour,
Who hinders the progress of *Day*.

THE
FOLLOWING LINES

WERE WRITTEN BY A CLERGYMAN IN LEICESTERSHIRE
AT THE TIME THAT MR. FOX BROUGHT FORWARD
HIS MEMORABLE INDIA BILL.

AS virtuous Ketch lay lost in contemplation,
How best to serve, at once, both king and nation,
With one hand brandishing a glitt'ring axe,
The other plung'd in molten charter-wax ;
Justice, stern power, array'd in fable vest,
In words like these, her great premier address'd :
" Wouldst thou oblige me, instant rear two blocks,
" For patriotic North—and honest Fox.

“ Then strike each neck, such is my requisition,
“ Their blood will form a noble coalition :
“ So shall the praise that’s due to me be thine,
“ And India burn her incense at our shrine.”

TO

MISS E——D, ON HER HAIR.

BY DR. AIKIN.

ANNA! cease, with envious care,
Thus to veil thy beauteous face,
While, beneath that shade of hair,
Buried lies full many a grace.

Where’s the brow, as ivory clear,
Where’s the cheek’s delightful glow,
Where’s the nicely rounded ear,
And the well-turn’d neck of snow ?

Yet those auburn locks of thine,
Down thy face that waving play,
And in wanton ringlets twine,
Who could bear to lop away ?

Soon enough by fashion’s hand
Shall those flowing curls be drest,
And each feature marshal’d stand,
Fatal to the gazer’s rest.

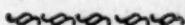
But, let me, secure from harm,
Draw the veil that checks my fight ;
Let me view each rising charm,
With a father's calm delight.

Forty summers I have seen,
Time enough to make me wise,
I can look at bright sixteen,
With pleas'd, but undefiring eyes.

L I N E S

WRITTEN BY THOMSON TO HIS AMANDA, WITH A
COPY OF THE SEASONS.

ACCEPT, dear nymph ! a tribute due
To sacred friendship, and to you ;
But with it, take, what breath'd the whole,
Oh ! take to thine the poet's soul !
If fancy here her power displays,
Or if a heart exalts these lays,
You fairest in that fancy shine,
And all that heart is fondly thine !



A GYPSEY BALLAD.

BY PETER PINDAR.

A WANDERING gypsey, Sirs, am I,
From Norwood, where we oft complain,
With many a tear, and many a sigh,
Of blust'ring winds, and rushing rain.

No rooms so fine, nor gay attire,
Amid our humble sheds appear,
Nor beds of down, nor blazing fire,
At night our shiv'ring limbs to cheer.

Alas! no friends come near our cot,
The redbreasts only find the way,
Who give their all, a simple note—
At peep of morn, and parting day.

But fortunes here I come to tell ;
Then yield me, gentle Sir, your hand ;—
Amid those lines what thousands dwell !
And, bless me, what a heap of land !

This, surely, Sir, must pleasing be,
To hold such wealth in ev'ry line !
Try, pray now try, if you can see
A little treasure lodg'd in mine.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE GREEK.

THE gods of Epicarnes were,
The earth, the water, and the wind ;
The sun, in all his shining glare,
And stars and fire in godship join'd.

Far other gods do I adore,
Such as more profitable be ;
Silver and gold, in shining ore,
Are the divinities for me.

Possess'd of these, I have my ends,
And all my wishes to the full ;
Houses and lands, and slaves and friends,
And round me circling pleasures roll.

If justice hurt me, I can bribe
The pliant jury, or the judge ;
And turn from right the supple scribe,
If I no money meanly grudge.

Ev'n gods themselves, as sages say,
Their heav'nly mansions will forsake,
To dwell with me, of humble clay,
If I the richest off'rings make.

ON
PHYSICIANS.

THE first physicians by debauch were made ;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade :
By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food,
Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood :
But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten :
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wife for cure on exercise depend ;
God never made his work for man to mend.

WHILE these fond eyes of mine behold
The heav'nly glories of thy face,
My heart straight feels an icy cold,
And ev'ry blooming hope decays.
Those sparkling beams that glow in thine,
To these poor eyes new life impart ;
And yet, so strangely do they shine !
Their frigid rays have froze my heart.



EPIGRAM.

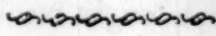
GOD and the doctor we alike adore,
When sickness seizes us, but not before.
The danger past, both are alike requited,
God is forgotten, and the doctor slighted.

INSCRIPTION

ON A SUMMER-HOUSE AT WICKHAM IN KENT.

BY MR. WEST.

NOT wrapt in smoaky London's sulph'rous clouds,
And not far distant stands my rural cot :
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.
And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
Or the gay city's idle pleasures cloy ;
Swift as my changing wish, I shift the scene,
And now the country, now the town enjoy.



VERSES

WRITTEN ON THE PLAGUE IN LONDON, LATELY FOUND ON
A GLASS WINDOW AT CHALFONT, WHERE MILTON RESIDED
DURING THE CONTINUANCE OF THAT CALAMITY.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY MILTON.

FAIR mirror of foul times, whose fragile sheen
Shall, as it blazeth, break ; while providence
(Ay, watching o'er his faints with eye unseen),
Spreads the red rod of angry pestilence,
To sweep the wicked and their counsels hence ;

Yea, all to break the pride of lustful kings,
Who heaven's love reject for brutish sense ;
As erst he scourg'd Jesside's sin of yore,
For the fair Hittite, when, on Seraph's wings,
He sent him war, or plague, or famine fore.

ON ST. LUKE,

EVANGELIST AND PHYSICIAN.

WHILE Luke sustain'd the sacred teacher's part,
Recover'd thousands prov'd his healing art :
Great was that skill, which could lost health supply,
But *greater* that which taught mankind to die.

ON DESPAIR.

DESPAIR is such a sin of sins,
It cannot be forgiven ;
The ways of hell while others have,
This bars the gates of heaven.

TRANSLATION

OF BEZA'S EPITAPH ON LUTHER.

ROME, all the world, and Rome the Pope subdu'd ;
By arms her empire—his, by fraud pursu'd ;
But Luther rose superior to the two ;
And from one pen alone, both conquests drew.
No more let Greece Alcides' honours raise,
A feather'd *quill* his mighty *club* outweighs.

TRUE BEAUTY.

THE diamond's and the ruby's blaze,
Disputes the palm with beauty's queen :
Not beauty's queen commands such praise,
Devoid of virtue if she's seen.

But the soft tear in pity's eye
 Outshines the diamond's brightest beams ;
But the sweet blush of modesty
 More beauteous than the ruby seems.

TO CLORINDA.

ROWE.

'TIS not Clorinda's noble air,
 Her shape, nor lovely eyes,
(Tho' matchless all, exact and fair)
 That thus our hearts surprize.

She by some mightier pow'r invades,
 And triumphs o'er our souls ;
At once with softest art persuades,
 And with bold force controuls.

'Tis in Clorinda's charming mind,
 The sweet attraction lies ;
There all that fire and life we find,
 Which sparkles in her eyes.

In her a thousand graces shine,
 That might our envy move,
Which yet our thoughts alone incline
 T' oblige, admire, and love.

FROM THE GREEK.

IF the quick spirit, Delia, in your eye,
'Ere long will languish, and must one day die ;
If ev'ry beauty, ev'ry youthful grace,
Must surely fly from that forsaken face ;
Then let us, lovely charmer, reap our joys,
'Ere cruel time such goodly fruit destroys.
But if those jetty locks must ever grow,
Nor e'er be whiten'd o'er with age's snow ;
If those bright suns, thy eyes, must know no shade,
And thy now blooming beauties never fade ;
Then scruple not, my Delia, to bestow
What, freely gather'd, shall as freely grow.
Thus, nymph, whate'er th' effects of time may prove,
They furnish motives strong for present love.

FROM AUSONIUS.

LONG did great Jove the weighty point debate,
Whether a nymph or goddess to create :
Irresolute, he cry'd, " What must be done ?
" We'll form a nymph and goddess both in one :
" But from what pattern of celestial race,
" The fair one's heavenly beauties shall we trace ?

“ Shall lovely Venus to the picture fit ?
“ Or Pallas lend her air, and sprightly wit ?”
Still unresolved, thus to the blooming maid,
As bright she rose, “ Be both at once,” he said :
“ Hence, both, in thy blest composition, meet,
“ As Pallas graceful, and as Venus sweet.”

BY MR. ADDISON.

MY love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my heart ;
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In ev'ry face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me ;
An eye then gave the fatal stroke ;
'Till by her wit Corinna sav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish,
For Belvidera I endure !
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the false, inconstant lover,
After a thousand beauties shewn,
Does new, surprizing charms discover,
And finds—*variety in one.*

L I N E S

WRITTEN UNDER A LADY'S PICTURE.

BY WALLER.

SUCH Helen was! and who can blame the boy,
That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy?
But had like virtue shone in that fair Greek,
The am'rous shepherd had not dar'd to seek
Or hope for pity; but, with silent moan,
And bitter fate, had perished alone.

TO MRS. W——

PUTTING ORANGE FLOWERS IN HER BOSOM.

GO, lovely flower, in all thy pride,
To that fair bosom, go!
There, there thy snowy blossoms hide,
In whiter drifts of snow!

Yet, warmer than thy native clime,
Thou 'lt find that seat of love;
Matur'd to fruit before thy time,
As in the genial stove.

Ah! no, with fragrant sweets oppress,
You there entranc'd shall lie ;
And like her swain, supremely blest,
In ecstasies shall die.

THE
TEARS OF LOVE.

BOAST not thy golden show'rs, great Jove! behold,
Cupid descends in show'rs more rich than gold!

TO A PAINTER,
DRAWING A LADY'S PICTURE.

THE wretch, who Jove's artillery feign'd so well,
By real thunder, and true light'ning fell ;
How then dar'st thou, with equal danger, try
To counterfeit the lightning of her eye ?
Painter, desist ! or soon th'event will prove
Cupid as jealous of his arms as Jove.

DID love, like agues, ever intermit,
How we should blush, in absence of the fit!

ON A HANDKERCHIEF

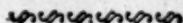
WORKED BY MRS. —

BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

WHEN Myra casts around her conquering eyes,
A thousand victims fall a sacrifice ;
No bounds her charms acknowledge, but her will ;
And, wheresoe'er she darts a look, can kill.
Why should she then new artifices find
T'extend her pow'r, and vanquish human kind ?
Cannot the pointed rays, shot from her eyes,
Her graceful person, and her air suffice ?
But she must triumph in acquir'd art,
And turn her very *needle* to a *dart*.

BY THE SAME.

CHLOE, now married, looks at men no more :
Why then, 'tis plain, for what she look'd before.



TO MIRA, AT A REVIEW.

BY THE SAME.

LET meaner beauties conquer singly still,
But haughty Mira will by thousands kill;
Through well-arm'd ranks triumphantly she drives,
And with one glance commands a thousand lives :
The trembling heroes nor resist, nor fly,
But, at the head of all their squadrons, die.

ON WOMEN.

BY THE SAME.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd ; we play
A round or two ; when us'd, we throw away ;—
Take a fresh pack ; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or shuffles with our dirty leaving.

THE RELIEF.

BY THE SAME.

OF two reliefs to cure a love-sick mind,
Flavia prescribes despair : I urge, be kind.
Flavia, be kind ; the remedy's as sure ;
'Tis the most pleasant and the quickest cure.

ON
A FRAIL FAIR ONE.

CHLOE'S the wonder of her sex :
'Tis well her heart is tender ;
How might such *killing eyes* perplex,
With *virtue* to defend her !

But nature, graciously inclin'd,
Not bent to vex, but please us,
Has, to her *boundless beauty*, join'd
A *boundless will to ease us*.

ANOTHER.

BELINDA has such wond'rous charms,
'Tis heav'n to lie within her arms :
And she's so charitably given,
She wishes all mankind in heav'n.

TO
AN ANGRY RIVAL.

'TIS not the fear of death, or smart,
Makes me averse to fight ;
But to preserve a tender heart,
Not mine, but Cælia's right.

Then let your fury be suppress'd ;
Not me, but Cælia spare ;
Your sword is welcome to my breast,
If Cælia were not there.

THE CONTEST.

CHLOE and I for kisses play'd ;
She would keep stakes ; I was content :
But, when I won, she would be paid ;
I, angry, ask'd her what she meant.
“ Nay, since,” said she, “ you wrangle thus in vain,
“ Give me my kisses back, take your's again.”

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW,
UNDER A VOW AGAINST MATRIMONY.

THE lady who this resolution took,
Wrote it on glafs, to shew it might be broke.

~~~~~

ON  
THE DUTCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

BY LORD HALIFAX.

---

THE line of Vere, so long renown'd in arms,  
Concludes with lustre in St. Alban's charms :  
Her conquering eyes have made their race complete,  
They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

---

FROM  
THE FRENCH.

---

*I* DIE *with sadness*, if the blushing fair  
These eyes adore, reject her lover's pray'r ;  
*I die with transport*, if her gentle ear  
Be pleas'd her lover's soft complaint to hear.  
How can a wretch ev'n hope his fate to shun,  
Both by her *rigour* and her *smiles* undone ?  
Each way I look, I view my ruin sure,  
Fall by the *wound*, or perish by the *cure*.

~~~~~

L I N E S

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES,
ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY DR. B—Y.

BRIMFUL of anger, not of love,
The champion sends his foe a glove ;
But I that have a double share
Of the soft passion—send a pair.
Nor think it, dearest Delia, cruel,
That I invite you to a duel.
Ready to meet you, face to face,
In any time, in any place,
I shall not leave you in the lurch,
Tho' you should boldly fix the church.
There, come equipp'd in all your charms,
A ring and licence are my arms.
I will th' unequal contest try,
Resolv'd to fight, tho' sure to die.

TO DR. ABEL —

IN HIS SICKNESS.

ABEL! prescribe thyself; trust not another :
Some envious leech, like Cain, may slay his brother

ON
THE DEATH OF DR. FRIEND.

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK.

WHEN Radcliffe fell, afflicted Physick cry'd,
"How vain my pow'r!" and languish'd at his side.
When Friend expir'd, deep-struck, her hair she tore,
And speechless, fainted, to revive no more.
Her poignant grief no further could extend—
She *mourn'd* with Radcliffe, but she *died* with Friend.

ON
MISS BIDDY FLOYD.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

WHEN Cupid did his grandfire Jove intreat
To form some beauty by a new receipt;
Jove sent and found, far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene:
From which ingredients, first the dext'rous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy;
The graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride.
These Venus cleans'd from every spurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy composition, Floy'd.

ON
THE STATUE OF VENUS,

BY PRAXITELES.

ANCHISES, Paris, and Adonis too,
Have seen me naked, and expos'd to view :
All this I freely own, 'tis past denying—
But where has this Praxiteles been *prying* ?

ON
A PICTURE OF PHILOCTETES.

DRAWN by Perrhasius, as in person view'd,
Sad Philoctetes feels his pains renew'd.
In his parch'd eyes the deep-sunk tears express
His endless misery, his dire distress.
We blame *thee*, painter, tho' *thy skill* commend ;
'Twas time his suff'rings with himself should end.

TO A LADY,
HALF-MASKING HERSELF, WHEN SHE SMILED.

SO, when the sun, with his meridian light,
Too fiercely darts upon our feeble fight,
We thank th' officious cloud, by whose kind aid
We view his glory soften'd by a shade.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER THE STATUE OF EDWARD VI.
AT ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

ON Edward's brow no *laurels* cast a shade,
Nor at his feet are *warlike spoils* display'd :
Yet here, since first his bounty rais'd the pile,
The lame grow active, and the languid smile :
See this, ye chiefs, and, struck with envy, pine ;
To *kill* is *brutal*, but to *save*, *divine*.

ON
THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY,
KING GEORGE I.

COMMERCE and peace restor'd, each sea his own,
Europe's proud states all bending to his throne ;
Austria reduc'd, and humbled haughty Spain,
Forc'd to resign her title to the main.
Iberia's power by her own forts enslav'd,
Philip repuls'd, Gibraltar nobly sav'd.
What more could George solicit of the sky ?—
Just in the fullness of his fame—to die.

~~~~~

TO THE RIGHT HON.

ARTHUR, EARL OF ANGLESEY.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

---

IF the old Samian doctrine of spirits be true,  
Then Cicero's spirit does penance in you ;  
For Jove, when he saw him so fond of applause,  
Which sway'd him much more than the client or cause,  
Determin'd his soul to your body to doom,  
As great as when first he astonish'd old Rome ;  
With all his own virtues a second time blest,  
And fortitude added, to crown all the rest ;  
But to check the vain glory that reign'd in his spirit,  
He gave you an ear that can't bear your own merit.

---

ON

THE INVENTION OF LETTERS.

BY MR. POPE.

---

HEAV'N first taught letters for some wretch's aid,  
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid ;  
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,  
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires ;

The virgin's wish, without her fears, impart,  
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart;  
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,  
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

---

ON DEAN SWIFT'S

LEAVING AN HOSPITAL FOR IDEOTS AND LUNATICS.

---

THE Dean must die, our ideots to maintain :  
Perish, ye ideots !—and long live the Dean !

---

ON THE SAME.

---

LO! Swift to ideots bequeaths his store :  
Be wise, ye rich—consider thus the poor.

---

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO ENIGMATISTS.

---

OF all the fops that plague mankind,  
None with th' enigmatist can vie,  
Who vainly hopes applause to find,  
By studying obscurity.

When Nimrod's sons, to mount the skies,  
With rash intent a tow'r began,  
What stratagem did Heav'n devise,  
To dissipate that impious clan ?

Heav'n sent no famines, plagues, or wars,  
But gave each man a puzzling riddle :  
His neighbour's dullness each abhors,  
And leaves the building in the middle.

---

THE  
DOCTOR'S ARMS.

---

A DOCTOR, who, for want of skill,  
Did sometimes cure, did sometimes kill ;  
Contriv'd, at length, by many a puff,  
And many a bottle fill'd with *stuff*,  
To raise his fortune and his pride,  
And in a coach, forsooth ! must ride.  
His family coat, long since worn out,  
What arms to take was all the doubt.

A friend, consulted on the case,  
Thus answer'd, with a fly grimace :  
" Take some device in your own way,  
" Neither too solemn, nor too gay ;  
" Three ducks suppose, white, grey, or black,  
" And be the motto, Quack ! Quack ! Quack !"

---

THE  
SAD ALTERNATIVE.

---

IN heat of youth, poor Jack engag'd a wife,  
Whose tongue, he found, might prove a scourge for life;  
Perplex'd, he still put off the evil day;  
Grew sick, at length, and just expiring lay :  
To this sad crisis having brought the matter,  
“ To wed, or die ? ”—Jack wisely chose the latter.

---

DIOGENES TO ARISTIPPUS.

---

CLOY'D with ragouts, you scorn my simple food ;  
And think good-eating is man's only good :  
I ask no more than temperance can give ;  
You live to eat. I only eat—to live.

---

ON  
THE DEATH OF AN EPICURE.

---

AT length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er ;  
I've eat sufficient—I can drink no more :  
My night is come ; I've spent a jovial day ;  
'Tis time to part ; but oh—what is to pay ?



ON  
A MONUMENT,  
WHICH MR. POPE AND LORD BURLINGTON PROPOSED  
TO ERECT TO SHAKESPEAR.

---

TO mark her Shakespear's worth, and Britain's love,  
Let Pope design, and Burlington approve !  
Superfluous care ! when distant times shall view  
This tomb grown old—his works shall still be new.

---

TO MRS. W—.

---

WHEN Stella joins the blooming throng  
Of virgins, dancing on the plain,  
A Grace she seems the nymphs among,  
Or Dian 'midst her virgin train :

But when, with sweet maternal air,  
She leads Iulus thro' the grove,  
Herself appears the Cyprian fair,  
Her wanton boy the God of Love.

~~~~~

LIBERTY IN DANGER,
ON THE ACT AGAINST SWEARING.

SINCE first the Norman fix'd his standard here,
Britons have claim'd a right to curse and swear.
In vain the preacher, with his milk-white hand,
Denounc'd damnation on a guilty land :
With " D—n you, Jack !" each blood his friend still
greets ;

And " Blood and thunder !" echoes thro' our streets.

But stronger sanctions now our pulpits arm,
Prisons and mulets th' abandon'd wretch alarm :
The fear of hell, 'twas found, could nought avail ;
But ev'n a captain trembles at a jail :
The loss of money, sure, tho' not of soul,
Must strike vice dumb, and blasphemy controul ;
Sailors themselves shall henceforth grow more civil,
And fear the *justice*, tho' defy the *devil*.

YOU often pity honest Ned,
Condemn'd, you say, to write for *bread*.
His lib'ral soul, 'till Doddsley pays,
Still doom'd to fast—or chew the bays.

Yet, by that jovial, ruddy look,
Not gain'd by poring o'er his book ;

That clammy ale, his table spilt on,
That tankard, cover'd with a Milton;
By all these tokens, Ned, I fear,
Writes not so much for *bread*—as *beer*.

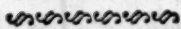
ON
THE RIVER DANUBE.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

SEE, how the wand'ring Danube flows,
Realms and religions parting!
A friend to all true *Christian* foes,
To *Peter*, *Jack*, and *Martin*.

Now Protestant, and Papist now;
Not constant long to either,
At length an infidel does grow,
And ends his journey neither.

Thus many a youth I've known set out,
Half Protestant, half Papist;
And rambling long the world about,
Turn infidel and atheist.



STREPHON AND BLOWSALIND.

STREPHON, in vain, pursu'd a rural fair,
 The rosy object of his tender care !
 The nymph, who long had lov'd a jollier swain,
 Still view'd th' enamour'd Strephon with disdain.
 Provok'd, he strove, by force, to storm her charms ;
 She rais'd her hand—and dash'd him from her arms :
 “ Oh! cease,” cried he, “ subdue that barbarous spite,
 “ Tho' doom'd to *love*—I was not born to *fight* !
 “ You've stol'n my heart, deprive me not of breath ;
 “ Those *frowns* are *killing*—but that *fi*st is *death*.”

ON

A SMALL, BUT ELEGANT VILLA,

NEAR BATH.

THE vap'rish fair, whose chariots roll
 On Avon's banks, with each pert miss,
 Struck with the sight, cry, “ Bless my soul !
 “ Whose charming little place is this ?”

Thus, view'd without, you deem this pile
 A *little* box, or cottage neat ;
 But, enter'd in, you change your style ;
 There all is splendid—all is *great*.

TO
A FINE WOMAN,
TOO FOND OF PRAISING HER HUSBAND.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

YOU always are making a god of your spouse ;
But this neither reason nor conscience allows :
Perhaps, you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you *adore* him, because he *adores* you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find,
For you, by this rule, must *adore* all mankind.

TO
A FRIEND,
WHO HAD BEEN ABUSED BY A LIBEL.

BY THE SAME.

THE greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
And fortune help the murd'rer in his flight ;
And calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unreveng'd, the greatest merit wound.

What's to be done ? Shall wit and learning chuse
To live obscure, and have no fame to lose ?

By censure frightened, quit fair honour's road,
 Nor dare to use the gifts by heav'n bestow'd;
 Or fearless enter in—thro' virtue's gate,
 And buy distinction at the dearest rate.

CARLO, you say, writes well:—suppose it true;
 You pawn your word for *him*, who'll vouch for *you*?
 So, two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
 To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

ON

DR. TRAPP'S TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

MIND but thy preaching, Trapp; translate no further:
 Is it not written, "Thou shalt do no murder?"

TO

M. DE VOLTAIRE,

ON HIS CENSURING MILTON'S ALLEGORY OF
 DEATH AND SIN.

BY DR. YOUNG.

THOU art so witty, profligate, and thin,
 Thou seem'st a Milton, with his death and sin.

ON
A CERTAIN POET.

THY verses are *eternal*, O! my friend,
For he who reads them, reads them to *no end*.

ON
MR. CORNELIUS ———.

NIGRINUS leads a married life,
Not with his own, but neighbour's wife;
And, tho' Cornelius knows it's thus—
The fool's Cornelius tacitus.

ON
THE BRIDGE AT BLENHEIM.

BY MR. POPE.

THE *minnows*, as thro' this vast arch they pass,
Cry, "How like *whales* we look? thanks to your Grace."

~~~~~

---

ON DR. E——'S

CUTTING DOWN A BEAUTIFUL ROW OF TREES AT  
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

---

INDULGENT nature on each kind bestows  
A secret instinct to discern its foes :  
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox ;  
Lambs fly from wolves ; sailors steer clear of rocks :  
E—— the gallows, as his fate foresees,  
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

---

ON  
A BAD PAINTER.

---

FABIUS, you say, is much inclin'd  
Each cheek with too much red to fill ;  
His pieces only *blush* to find  
The painter colours them so ill.

---

BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

---

BRIGHT as the day, and as the morning fair ;  
Such Chloe is—and common as the air.

THE  
FATE OF ARTIFICE.

---

IN church, the pray'r-book, and the fan display'd,  
And solemn court'sy, shew the wily maid !  
At plays, the leering looks, and wanton airs,  
And nods, and smiles, are fondly meant for snares :  
Alas ! vain charmer, you no lover get,  
There you seem hypocrite, and here coquet.

---

ON A L A D Y

WHO PAINTED.

---

COSMELIA'S charms inspire my lays,  
Who, fair, in nature's scorn,  
Blooms in the winter of her days,  
Like Glastonbury thorn.

If e'er, impatient of the bliss,  
Into her arms you fall,  
The plaister'd fair returns the kifs,  
Like Thisbe, thro' a wall.

~~~~~

BY DEAN SWIFT.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along,
But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have dy'd.

BY THE SAME.

ARTHUR, they say, has wit ; for what ?
For writing ? no,—for writing not.

ON MENANDER.

THE very bees, O sweet Menander, hung,
To taste the Muses' spring upon thy tongue :
The very Graces made the scenes you writ,
Their happy point of fine expression hit.
Thus, while you live, you make your Athens shine,
And raise *her* glory to the skies in *thine*.

TO KING CHARLES I.

ON HIS NAVY.

BY WALLER.

SHOULD nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the center spread the liquid main,
Thy pow'r were safe—and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command :
Thy dreadful fleet would style thee lord of all,
And rise in triumph o'er the drowned ball.

TO KING JAMES II.

IN HIS FIRST YEAR.

BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

THO' train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts,
Thou chusest not to conquer *men*, but *hearts* ;
Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,
But thou prefer'st the name of *just* to *great*.

O ! could the ghosts of mighty heroes dead
Return to earth, and quit th' Elysian shade !
Brutus to James would trust the people's cause,
Thy *justice* is a stronger guard than *laws*.—

Marius and Sylla would resign to thee,
Nor Cæsar and great Pompey rivals be ;
Or rivals only, who should best obey,
And Cato give his voice for *regal* sway.

TO
THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING.

BY MR. WALLER.

AN early plant, which such a blossom bears,
And shews a genius thus beyond its years ;
A judgment that could make so fair a choice,
So high a subject to employ its voice ;
Still as it *grows*, how sweetly will it sing
The *growing* greatness of our matchless king.

TO LADY ———,
ALLIED TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

THE pow'rful name whose princely meaning shows
From what high spring your blood's rich current flows,
With needless awe reminds us of your race,
Since heav'n has stamp'd *dominion* on your face.
Still in your sov'reign form distinctly live,
All royal rights your father kings could give.

In your commanding air, we mark their state,
 In your sweet words, their wisdom and their weight;
 Warm in your gen'rous breast, their courage lies,
 And all their pow'r and mercy in your eyes.

ON MRS. BARBIERE'S

FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

NO pleasure now from Nicolini's tongue,
 In vain he strives to move us with his song;
 On a fair syren we have fix'd our choice,
 And wait with longing ears for Barbieri's voice:
 When, lo! the nymph, by bashful awe betray'd,
 Her fault'ring tongue denies her looks its aid;
 But so much innocence adorns her fears,
 And with such grace her modesty she wears,
 By her disorder all her charms increase,
 And, had she *better* sung, she'd pleas'd us *less*.

FROM

THE LATIN OF BUCHANAN.

I KNOW not whether in Narcissus' glass,
 Matchless Corinna, you e'er saw your face;
 But this I know, with beauties all her own,
 Matchless Corinna is enamour'd grown.

The youth some reason for his frenzy had ;
 What made *him* so, made many others mad :
 Your cause is less, therefore your madness more ;
 Without a rival you yourself adore.

TO
 THE LORD CHANCELLOR KING.

ALLUDING TO HIS MOTTO—"LABOR IPSE VOLUPTAS."

'TIS not the splendor of the place,
 The gilded coach, the purse, the mace,
 And all the pompous train of state,
 With crowds, which at the levee wait,
 That make you happy, make you great.
 But when mankind you strive to bless,
 With all the talents you possess ;
 When all the joys you can receive,
 Flow from the benefits you give ;
 This takes the heart, this conquers spite,
 And makes the heavy burden light.
True pleasure, rightly understood,
Is only labour to do good.



TO MRS. CROUCH.

WHEN J—— sings, or acts the heroine's part,
The fiction's ill-supported by her art ;
Still something vulgar, thro' the rich disguise,
Betrays the mimic, and offends the eyes :
But when *your* voice is heard, and beauty seen,
You seem a *goddeſs*, while you act a *queen*.

A PARALLEL

BETWEEN THE ILLUSTRIOUS JOHN CHURCHILL, DUKE
OF MARLBOROUGH, AND THE REVEREND
CHARLES CHURCHILL, POET.

IN Anna's wars immortal Churchill rose,
And, great in arms, ſubdu'd Britannia's foes :
A greater Churchill now demands our praise,
And the palm yields to the poetic bays.
Tho' John fought nobly at his army's head,
And ſlew his thouſands with dire balls of lead,
Yet muſt the hero to the bard ſubmit,
Who hurl'd, unmatch'd, his thunderbolts of wit.

~~~~~



## MARTIAL,

EPIGRAM 79. LIB. iv.

THRICE twenty years you've seen your grafts made  
hay ;

Your eye-brows too proclaim your hair is grey ;

Yet, through all quarters of the town you run ;

At ev'ry ball, and levee, you make one.

No great man stirs, but you are at his heels,

And never fail both those who have the seals.

You never miss St. James's ; ever chat

Of lord, or bishop *this*, or gen'ral *that*.

To youth leave trifles ; have you ne'er been told,

That, of all fools, no fool is like the old ?

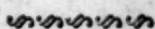
## LIB. IX. EPIGRAM 82.

MY works the hearer and the reader praise :—

They're incorrect, a brother poet says :

Let him rail on ; for, when I give a feast,

Am I to please the cook, or please the guest ;



## MARTIAL,

LIB. VII. EPIGRAM 3.

YOU ask me why I have no verses sent :—  
For fear you should return the compliment.

LIB. IX. EPIGRAM 71.

OH ! the degen'rate age ! great Tully cry'd,  
When Cataline design'd his parricide ;  
When kindred chiefs join'd battle on the plain,  
Which mourn'd, in tears of blood, the subjects slain.  
Oh ! the degen'rate age ! you loudly chatter :  
What is the matter, Sir, what *is* the matter ?  
No civil discord now ; no tyrant's pow'r ;  
Peaceful and joyous passes ev'ry hour.—  
If you esteem the age so wicked grown,  
Blame not *our* morals for it, but your *own*.

LIB. XII. EPIGRAM 54.

THY hair and beard are of a diff'rent dye ;  
Short of one foot—distorted of one eye ;  
With all these tokens of a knave complete,  
If thou art *honest*, thou'rt a dev'lish *cheat*.

## MARTIAL,

LIB. vii. EPIGRAM 100.

---

WHEN, in the dark, on thy soft hand I hung,  
 And heard the tempting fyren in thy tongue ;  
 What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd !  
 But, when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd !

---

BY MR. POPE.

---

MY lord complains that Pope, stark mad with gardens,  
 Has lopp'd three trees, the value of three farthings ;  
 " But he's my neighbour," cries the peer polite,  
 " And, *if he'll visit me*, I'll wave my right."  
 " What ! on compulsion ! and against my will  
 " A lord's acquaintance !—let him file his bill."

---

ADVICE TO MR. POPE.

---

WING'D by the Muses' god to rise sublime,  
 What has thy fame to fear from peevish rhyme ?  
 Shalt thou, decreed 'till time's own death to live,  
 Yet want the noblest courage—to forgive ?

---

Slander'd, in vain, *enjoy* the spleen of foes,  
 Let these from *envy* hate, from int'rest those :  
 Guilt, like the first, your gratitude requires,  
 Since none can *envy*, 'till he first *admires* ;  
 And nature tells the last his fault is none,  
 Who to *your* interest, prefers his *own*.

---

ON

DR. P. HOLLAND'S

TRANSLATION OF SUETONIUS.

---

PHILEMON with translations does so fill us,  
 He will not let Suetonius be tranquillus.

---

ON

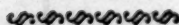
SIR JOHN VANBRUGH'S

DEVICE OF A LION AND A COCK AT BLENHEIM.

---

HAD Marlborough's troops in Gaul no better fought,  
 Than Van, to grace his fame, in marble wrought ;  
 No more in arms, than he in emblems skill'd,  
 The *cock* had driv'n the *lion* from the field.

---



ON

A BAD PAINTING OF PROMETHEUS.

---

HOW wretched does Prometheus' fate appear!  
Whilst he his second mis'ry suffers here ;  
Draw him no more ; left, as he tortur'd stands,  
He blame great Jove's, less than the painter's hands.  
It would the vulture's cruelty out-do,  
If once again his liver thus should grow :  
Pity him, Jove, and his bold theft allow ;  
The *flames* he once stole from thee grant him now.

---

SHORT-LIV'D BEAUTY.

---

BEAUTY is but a short-liv'd flow'r,  
Alas ! too subject to decay,  
That blooms, th'amusement of an hour,  
And sheds its glory with the day.

Whoever antient Phillis knows,  
Will find this literally true ;  
Mark on her cheeks the blushing rose,  
Short-liv'd, as on the tree it grew.



Tho' on the beauties of each feature,  
Th'embellishment of art is laid,  
Yet all her charms, to copy nature,  
Bloom in the morn, at evening fade.

---

SELINDA is the brightest thing  
That decks our earth, or breathes our air ;  
Mild are her looks, like op'ning spring,  
And, like the blooming summer, fair.

But yet her wit's so very small,  
That all her charms appear to lie,  
Like glaring colours on a wall,  
And strike no further than the eye.

Our eyes luxuriously she treats,  
Our ears are absent from the feast ;  
One sense is surfeited with sweets ;  
Starv'd, or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen, with aspect bright,  
And tawdry pride, a tulip swell,  
Blooming and beauteous to the sight,  
Dull and insipid to the smell.

~~~~~

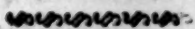
TO ———
—————

OVID, who bid the ladies laugh,
Spoke only to the young and fair;
For thee his counsel were not safe,
Who of sound teeth hast scarce a pair.

If thou thy glass, or me believe,
Shun mirth as foplings do the wind,
At Pinkey's face affect to grieve,
And let thy eyes alone be kind.

Speak not, tho' 'twere to give consent;
For he that sees those rotten bones,
Will dread their monumental scent,
And fly your sighs, as dying groans.

If thou art wise, see dismal plays,
And to sad stories lend thy ear;
With the afflicted spend thy days,
And laugh not above once a year.



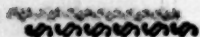
CELINDA.

BY a cool fountain's flow'ry fide
The fair Celinda lay ;
Her looks increas'd the summer's pride,
Her eyes the blaze of day.

Quick through the air to this retreat,
A bee industrious flew ;
Prepar'd to rifle ev'ry sweet,
Under the balmy dew.

Drawn by the fragrance of her breath,
Her rosy lips he found ;
There, in full transport, suck'd in death,
And dropt upon the ground !

Enjoy, blest bee, enjoy thy fate,
Nor at thy fall repine ;
Each God would quit his blissful state,
To share a death like thine !

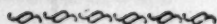


TO CHLOE,
ON A BUTTERFLY.

COME, Chloe, view with curious eye
This painted form, a butterfly :
Behold its gaudy plumage glow
With all the colours of the bow :
The sea-green em'rald's vivid hue,
The modest saphire's heavenly blue,
The ruby's rosy tint that vies
In blushes with the morning skies ;
Here gold emits a radiant blaze,
There silver shines with paler rays ;
Behold, my fair, with sweet surprise,
The living mass of jewels flies !
Reflecting all the rays of light
Beyond the birth-day princess bright.
But know, fair nymph, that one short day
Beholds it glitter and decay :—
First from a worm it took its birth,
Again a worm it crawls on earth :
So all our glitt'ring belles and beaus,
Alike from worms at first arose,
Alike to worms again shall turn,
There bed the dust that fills their urn,
In death than equal ere you die,
Be something more than butterfly.

ON
LETTER-WRITING.

BLEST be the man ! his memory at least,
Who found the art thus to unfold his breast ;
And taught succeeding times an easy way
Their secret thoughts by letters to convey.
To baffle absence, and secure delight,
Which, till that time, was limited to sight.
The parting farewell spoke, the last adieu,
The less'ning distance past, then loss of view.
The friend was gone, which some kind moments gave,
And absence separated like the grave.
When for a wife the youthful patriarch sent,
The camels, jewels, and the steward went,
And wealthy equipage, tho' grave and slow,
But not a line that might the lover shew.
The ring and bracelets woo'd her hands and arms,
But had she known of melting words, the charms
That under secret seals in ambush lie,
To catch the soul, when drawn into the eye,
The fair Assyrian had not took his guide,
Nor her soft heart in chains of pearl been ty'd.



ODE TO SPRING.

BY A LADY.

I.

HAIL, genial goddess ! bloomy Spring ;
Thy blest return, O ! let me sing ;
And aid my languid lays :
Let me not sink in sloth supine,
While all creation at thy shrine
Its annual tribute pays.

II.

Escap'd from Winter's freezing power
Each blossom greets thee, and each flower
And, foremost of the train,
By Nature (artless handmaid) dress'd,
The snow-drop comes in lilyd vest,
Prophetic of thy reign.

III.

The lark now strains her tuneful throat,
While every loud and sprightly note
Calls Echo from her cell,
Beware ! ye maids that listen round :
A beauteous nymph became a sound,
The nymph who lov'd too well.

IV.

The bright-hair'd sun with warmth benign
Bids tree, and shrub, and swelling vine
Their infant buds display :
Again the streams refresh the plains,
Which Winter bound in icy chains ;
And sparkling, blebs his ray.

V.

Life-giving Zephyr breathes around ;
And instant glows th' enamell'd ground
With nature's varied hues :
Not so returns our youth decay'd :
Alas ! nor air, nor sun, nor shade
The spring of life renews.

VI.

The sun's too quick-revolving beam
Apace dissolves the human dream,
And brings th' appointed hour :
Too late we catch his parting ray,
And mourn the idly wasted day,
No longer in our power.

VII.

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd fight
Pursues by Virtue's constant light
A hope beyond the skies :
Where frowning Winter ne'er shall come,
But rosy Spring for ever bloom,
And suns eternal rise.

A DISTICH.

BY HENLEY.

POPE came off clean with Homer ; but they say
Broome * went before, and kindly *swept* the way.

THE SISTERS.

BY THE LATE JUDGE BURNET.

THE mind of bright Sukey's a jewel,
Well set in a delicate frame,
But Annama pleases me too well
T'examine what causes the flame.

The charms of sweet Sukey inspire me,
Her face, shape, and wit I adore ;
But Annama's smiling eyes fire me
To raptures I ne'er felt before.

The one every art is so well in,
Each word and each look I approve ;
The other so smiles on a sudden,
I only know this, that I love.

* Broome translated for Pope the second, sixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third books of the *Odyssey*.

His measure with Sukey Time loses,
Hours fly like the minutes away ;
If Annama her presence refuses,
One minute appears a whole day.

To music when Sukey light bounds,
My fancy too dances the hays ;
When Annama's spinnet rebounds,
I feel on my heart-strings she plays.

One sister my *head* so possesses,
My reason with her would take part,
The other that rebel suppresses,
And absolute reigns in my *heart*.

MYRA.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

WHEN Myra bloom'd at gay fifteen,
Mankind proclaim'd her Beauty's Queen,
And ev'ry heart ador'd her !
Now Myra trembles at threescore,
The barb'rous sex, alas ! no more
A single glance afford her !

Now slander occupies her hours,
And spleen her wither'd form devours,
Of envious fate complaining!
'Tis thus we see a *rose* decay,
And all its beauties fade away,
The *thorn* alone remaining!

ON A LADY'S

PRESENTING A SPRIG OF MYRTLE TO A GENTLEMAN.

WHAT fears what terrors does thy gift create?
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!
The myrtle, ensign of supreme command
(Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand)
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects the lover's care.
In myrtle groves oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain;
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,
Th' unhappy lovers' graves the myrtle spreads;
Oh! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And cure the throbbings of an anxious heart;
Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY IMITATED.

BY JAGO.

TO *print*, or not to *print*—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
And, by disclosing, end them. To print, to doubt
No more ; and by one act to say we end
The head-ach, and a thousand natural shocks
Of scribbling phrenzy—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound :
To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's the rub—
For to what class a writer may be doom'd,
When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
Must give us pause. There's the respect that makes
Th'unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear th'impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and, 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
When as himself might his quietus make
With a bare inkhorn ? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a load of wit,
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill
(That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
Few travellers return) puzzles the will,

And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known and damn'd ?
Thus critics do make cowards of us all ;
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is sicklied o'er with a pale manuscript ;
And enterprizes of great fire and spirit
With this regard from Doddsley turn away,
And lose the name of Authors.

THE
BREWER'S COACHMAN.

BY TAYLOR.

HONEST William, an easy and good-natur'd fellow,
Would a little too oft get a little too mellow.
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
No better e'er fat on a box, to be sure.
His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses
Took that care of their babes that he took of his horses,
He had these—ay, and fifty good qualities more ;
But the business of *tippling* could ne'er be got o'er ;
So his master effectually mended the matter,
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
“ Now, William,” says he, “ you see the plain case ;
“ Had you drank as he does, you'd keep a good place.”

“ Drink water ! ” quoth William — “ had all men done so,
“ You’d never have wanted a coachman I trow.
“ They’re foakers, like me, whom you load with
“ reproaches,
“ That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.”

A
DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

NOW hardly here and there a hackney coach
Appearing, shew’d the ruddy morn’s approach.
Now Betty from her master’s bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own ;
The slipshod ’prentice from his master’s door
Had par’d the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor,
Now Moll had whirl’d her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar’d to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel’s edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The smallcoal-man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown’d in shriller notes of chimney-sweep :
Duns at his Lordship’s gate began to meet :
And brick-duft Moll had scream’d thro’ half the street :
The turnkey now his flock returning fees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees.
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

EPIGRAMS.

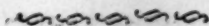
AN opera, like a pill'ry, may be said,
To nail our ears down, but expose our head.

BY DR. YOUNG.

AS in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

LUCIA thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot, but she eats in plate.

JACK, eating rotten cheese, did say,
"Like Samson, I my thousands slay:"
"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,
"And with the self-same weapon too."



EPIGRAMS.

AS Sherlock at Temple was taking a boat,
 The waterman ask'd him which way he would float;
 "Which way!" said the doctor; "why, fool, with the
 " stream.
 "To Paul's, or to Lambeth—'twas all one to him."

ON A PRELATE'S

GOING OUT OF CHURCH IN TIME OF DIVINE SERVICE, TO
 WAIT UPON THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

LORD Pam in the church (could you think it?)
 kneel'd down:

When, told that the Duke was just come to town,
 His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
 He flies from his God to attend on his Grace:
 To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
 Since God had no share in his lordship's promotion.

THE latin word for cold, one ask'd a friend;
 "It is," said he—" 'tis at my finger's end."

EPIGRAMS.

A WELCHMAN and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest state;
The Englishman the Welchman quite confuted,
The Welchman yet would not his vaunts abate :
" Ten cooks," quoth he, " in Wales, one wedding sees."
" Ay," quoth the other, " each man toasts his cheefe."

THE WORLD.

THE world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author ; printed in man's heart :
'Tis falsely printed, tho' divinely penn'd ;
And all th'errata will appear at th' end.

ON
THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

SWIFT for the ancients has argued so well,
'Tis apparent from thence that the moderns excel,

~~~~~

EPIGRAMS.

---

THUS with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd his friend:  
"Dear Dick! thou on my friendship may'st depend;  
"I know thy fortune is but very scant;  
"But, be assur'd, I'll ne'er see Dick in want."  
Dick's soon confin'd—his friend, no doubt, would free  
him:  
His word he kept—in want he ne'er would *see* him.

---

FROM THE LATIN.

---

UNHAPPY, Dido, was thy fate,  
In first and second wedded state!  
One husband caus'd thy flight by dying,  
Thy death the other caus'd by flying.

---

THE HUMOURIST,

---

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

---

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,  
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,  
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen, about thee,  
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

EPIGRAMS.

---

WHEN men of infamy to grandeur soar,  
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.

---

ON  
THE FUNERAL OF VULTURE HOPKINS.

---

WHAT num'rous lights this wretch's corpse attend,  
Who, in his life-time, sav'd a candle's end.

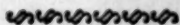
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ON THE OFFERING  
MADE BY KING JAMES I. AT A GRAVE COMEDY, CALLED  
THE MARRIAGE OF ARTS.

---

AT Christ-Church Marriage, play'd before the king,  
Left these learn'd mates should want an offering,  
The king himself did offer—what, I pray?  
He offer'd, twice or thrice, to go away.

---



EPIGRAMS.

---

FRIEND, in your epitaphs I'm griev'd,  
So very much is said :  
One half will never be believ'd,  
The other never read.

---

## A

## COUNTRY PARSON'S ANSWER

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO SENT HIM HER COMPLIMENTS  
ON A TEN OF HEARTS.

---

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear ;  
Old English services are more sincere.  
You send ten hearts ; the tythe is only mine :  
Give me but one, and burn the other nine.

---

BRITISH ECONOMY.

---

IN merry old England it once was a rule,  
The king had his poet, and also his fool :  
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,  
Poor Cibber must serve both for fool and for poet.

EPIGRAMS.

---

SO much, my Pope, thy English Iliad charms,  
As pity melts us, or as passion warms,  
That after ages shall with wonder seek  
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek.

---

FOUND STUCK ON THE STATUE OF THE MOOR WHICH  
SUPPORTS THE SUN-DIAL IN CLEMENTS-INN.

---

IN vain, poor fable son of woe,  
Thou seek'st the tender tear;  
From thee, in vain, with pangs they flow,  
For mercy dwells not here.  
From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;  
Lawyers less quarter give;  
The first won't eat you till you're slain,  
The last will do't alive.

---

BY HACKETT.

---

WHEN Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;  
Of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf;  
You wonder that he don't remembet me;  
Why so? You see he has forgot himself.



## EPIGRAMS.

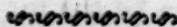
ON Grace, Free-will, and Myft'ries high,  
 Two wits harangu'd the table ;  
 B——ly believes he knows not why,  
 N——sh fwears 'tis all a fable.  
 Peace, ideots, peace ! and both agree ;  
 N——sh, kifs thy empty brother ;  
 Religion laughs at foes like thee,  
 But dreads a friend like t'other.

## BY PRIOR.

TO John I ow'd great obligation,  
 But John unhappily thought fit  
 To publish it to all the nation.  
 Sure John and I are more than quit.

## GOOD MUSIC, AND BAD DANCERS.

HOW ill the motion with the mufic fuits,  
 So Orpheus play'd, and like them danc'd the brutes.



TO  
LADY ISABELLA THYNNE,  
CUTTING TREES IN PAPER.

BY WALLER.

FAIR hand, that can on virgin paper write,  
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white ;  
Whose travel o'er that silver field does shew  
Like tracts of leverets in morning snow :  
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,  
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.  
Strange, that your fingers should the pencil foil,  
Without the help of colours or of oil !  
For tho' a painter boughs and leaves can make,  
'Tis yours alone to make them bend and shake ;  
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,  
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.  
Orpheus could make the forest dance ; but you  
Can make the motion and the forest too.  
A poet, when he would describe his mind,  
Is, as in language, so in fame, confin'd :  
Your works are read wherever there are men :  
So far the scissars goes beyond the pen.

## ON SOME SNOW

WHICH MELTED IN A LADY'S BREAST.

---

THE envious snow comes down in haste  
To prove thy breast less fair ;  
But grieves to see itself surpass,  
And melts into a tear.

---

THE  
FRENCH POET.

---

WHEN old Elijah, as the scriptures say,  
Triumphant mounted to the realm of day,  
His spirit doubled, and his cloak beside,  
He gave Elisha, by long service tried.  
Tristan from hence would fain example take  
For honest Quinault, his disciple's sake :  
But this, alas ! injurious fate denied,  
For Tristan poorer than a prophet died.  
To Quinault thus the bard expiring spoke :  
“ My wit I leave thee—but I have no cloak.”

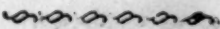
~~~~~

BY WALLER.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspir'd train
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain :
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy ;
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use ;
All but the nymph who should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song :
Like Phœbus thus acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

BY PRIOR.

ON his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His spouse is in despair ;
With frequent sobs and mutual cries
They both express their care.
“ A diff'rent cause,” says Parson Sly,
“ The same effect may give ;
“ Poor Simon fears that he shall die,
“ His wife—that he may live.”



L I N E S

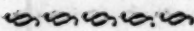
WRITTEN ON THE BED-CHAMBER DOOR OF CHARLES II.

BY ROCHESTER.

HERE lies our sov'reign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

BY WALLER.

WERE men so dull they could not see
That Lyce painted; should they flee
Like simple birds into a net,
So grossly woven and ill-set;
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
These teeth my Lyce must not shew,
If she would bite: her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes:
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.



L I N E S

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW OF THE TOWER, OVER THE
NAME OF R. WALPOLE, CONFINED IN THE
SAME ROOM, ANNO DOM. 1712.

BY LANSDOWNE.

GOOD unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appears by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene :
Some rais'd aloft come tumbling down amain ;
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

THE MANCHESTER MILLERS,

NAMED BONE AND SKIN.

BY BYROM.

BONE and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it :
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That flesh and blood can't bear it.

manchester

SUICIDE.

BY DR. SEWEL.

WHEN all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

BY BANKS.

YOUNG Courtly takes me for a dunce ;
For all night long I spoke not once :
On better grounds I think him such :
He spoke but once, yet once too much.

BY LORD HERVEY.

POSSESS'D of one great hall for state,
Without one room to sleep or eat :
How well you build, let flatt'ry tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell.

~~~~~

---

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN  
THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

---

SOME for the ancients zealously declare,  
Others our modern wits are fools, aver :  
A third affirms, that they are much the same,  
And differ only as to time and name :  
Yet sure one more distinction may be told,  
Those once were new, but these will ne'er be old.

---

TO MR. POPE,  
ON HIS EPITAPH ON MR. GAY.

---

BY LORD ORRERY.

---

ENTOMB'D with kings tho' Gay's cold ashes lie,  
A nobler monument thy strains supply.  
Thy matchless muse, still faithful to thy friend,  
By courts unaw'd, his virtues dares commend.  
Lamented Gay ! forget thy treatment past,  
Look down, and see thy merit crown'd at last,  
A destiny more glorious who can hope ?  
In life belov'd, in death bemoan'd by Pope.

~~~~~

ON
THE QUEEN'S GROTTO AT RICHMOND.

LEWIS the living genius fed,
And rais'd the scientific head ;
Our Queen, more frugal of her meat,
Raifes those heads which cannot eat.

BY A PORTER, ON THE GIN ACT.

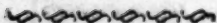
TO A GREAT MAN.

WHY will you make us coolly think ?
If you would govern, we must drink.

TO ZOILUS,

BY JOSIAH RELPH.

WITH industry I spread your praise,
With equal you my censure blaze ;
But, faith ! 'tis all in vain we do,
The world nor credits me nor you.



SCOTLAND.

BY CLEVELAND.

HAD Cain been a Scot, God would have alter'd his
doom ;
Not forc'd him to wander, but confin'd him at home.

BY PRIOR.

THUS to the muses spoke the Cyprian dame :
" Adorn my altars, and revere my name ;
" My son shall else assume his potent darts,
" Twang goes the bow ! my girls, have at your hearts !"
The muses answer'd—" Venus, we deride
" The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride.
" Send him to nymphs who sleep in Ida's shade,
" To the loose dance, and wanton masquerade :
" Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look
" On the instructive verse and moral book ;
" On female idleness his pow'r relies,
" But when he finds us studying hard he flies."

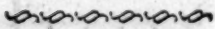
BY AARON HILL.

TENDER-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains ;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common natures :
Use 'em kindly, they rebel ;
But, be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

ON
THE DEATH OF A LADY'S CAT.

BY HARRISON.

AND is Miss Tabby from the world retir'd ?
And are her lives, all her nine lives expir'd ?
What sounds so moving, as her own, can tell
How Tabby died, how full of play she fell ?
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful strife,
And ev'ry muse shall celebrate a life.



ON MICHAEL ANGELO'S

FAMOUS PIECE OF THE CRUCIFIXION, WHO STABB'D A
PERSON THAT HE MIGHT DO IT MORE NATURALLY.

BY DR. YOUNG.

WHILST his Redeemer on the canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies :
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek, and the distorted mien ;
He drains off life by drops ; and, deaf to cries,
Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies ;
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up ev'ry pang repeats the blow ;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.
O glorious theft ! O nobly wicked draught !
With its full charge of death each feature fraught !
Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts in horror lost.

JEALOUSY.

TO bedlam with him : is he found in mind,
Who still is seeking what he would not find ?

BY POPE.

GREAT Villers' fate sage Cutler could foresee ;
And well, he thought, advis'd him—" Live like me."
As well his Grace replied—" Like you, Sir John !
" That I can do when all I have is gone."

THE
GIANT ANGLING:

HIS angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke ;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

BY
LEONARD WELSTEAD.

IOWE, says Thomas, much to Peter's care ;
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir ;
True, Thomas ; hence your fortunes take their rise :
His heir you were not, had he seen you twice.

BY AARON HILL.

HOW is the world deceiv'd by noise and show !
Alas ! how diff'rent, to pretend and know !
Like a poor highway brook, pretence runs loud :
Bufling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud.
While like some nobler stream true knowledge glides,
Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

TO
THE REVEREND MR. MURDOCH,
RECTOR OF STRADISHALL, SUFFOLK.

BY THOMSON.

THUS safely low, my friend, thou canst not fall ;
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all ;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife ;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life :
Then keep each passion down, however dear ;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace ;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate :
High bliss is only for a higher state.

BY DR. KENRICK.

THE great, good man, whom Fortune will displace,
May into scarceness fall, but not disgrace.
His sacred person none will dare profane ;
He may be poor, but never can be mean.
He holds his value with the wise and good,
And prostrate seems as great as when he stood.
So ruin'd temples holy awe dispense,
They lose their height, but keep their reverence ;
The pious crowd the piles tho' fallen deplore,
And what they fail to raise they still adore.

BY

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

CAN you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights ;
Or the leaves that strew the vales,
When groves are stript by winter gales :
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn ;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers ;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlbro's acts, or Molly's charms ?

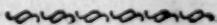
THE
ROYAL KNOTTER.

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

AH, happy people ! ye must thrive,
While thus the royal pair does strive
Both to advance your glory ;
While he by's valour conquers France,
She manufactures does advance,
And makes thread-fringes for ye.

Blest we ! who from such queens are freed,
Who, by vain superstition led,
Are always telling beads :
But here's a queen now, thanks to God,
Who, when she rides in coach abroad,
Is always knotting threads.

Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste ;
And when thy summer show is past,
Let all thy trumpets sound :
The fringe which this campaign has wrought,
Though 't cost the nation scarce a groat,
Thy conquests will surround.



THE
MISER'S FEAST.

HIS chimney smokes ! it is some omen dire !
His neighbours are alarm'd ; and cry out, Fire !

DEAN SWIFT'S CURATE.

I MARCH'D three miles thro' scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand ;
I rode four more to great St. Mary ;
Using four legs when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen ;
I dipt two babes in holy water,
And purified their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke an half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf,
While thund'ring out with lungs long-winded,
I chopt so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious fun,
Saw all these mighty labours done,
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit ;
What mortal else could e'er go through it ?

}

WHAT'S HONOUR?

NOT to be captious, not unjustly fight ;
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right.

THE
DOCTOR AND THE PATIENT.

SLEPT you well ? " Very well." My draught did
good.
" It did no harm : for yonder it hath flood."

THE
POWER OF TIME.

BY SWIFT.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand :
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry—
" When my old cassock," said a Welch divine,
" Is out at elbows, why should I repine ?"

ON A FAN

WHICH BORE THE STORY OF CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS,
WITH THIS MOTTO, "AURA VENI."

POPE.

COME, gentle air, th'Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies:
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play;
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound;
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,
Alike both lovers fall by those they love:
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

THE DUKE OF CH—S.

BY SWIFT.

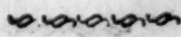
JAMES B—s was the Dean's familiar friend;
James grows a Duke: their friendship here must end.
Surely the Dean deserves a fore rebuke,
From knowing James, to say he knows a duke.

BY
LORD LANSDOWNE.

BELIEVE me, Chloe, those perfumes, that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee, is treasure lost ;
Not all Arabia would sufficient be ;
Thou smell'st not of thy sweets, they stink of thee.

TO MR. POPE,
ON HIS DUNCIAD.

THE raven, rook, and pert jackdaw,
Tho' neither birds of moral kind,
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
To shew us which way blows the wind.
Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction ev'ry way.,
With Egypt's art thy pen may strive,
One potent drop let this but shed,
And ev'ry rogue that stunk alive
Becomes a precious mummy dead.



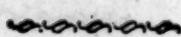
BY DEAN SWIFT.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown :
No more I hear my church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell :
At thunder now no more I start
Than at the rumbling of a cart :
Nay, what's incredible, alack !
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

ON A REE

STIFLED IN HONEY.

FROM flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains,
See the blest busy lab'rer fly ;
When all that from her toil she gains,
Is in the sweets she hoards to die.
'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite joy :
If we taste wisely they relieve,
But, if we plunge too deep, destroy.



ON

MR. POPE'S DEATH.

ARISE, ye glimmering stars of wit!
For, lo! the Sun of Verse is set.

BY JOSIAH RELPH.

NO, Varus hates a thing that's base;
I own indeed he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

BY DR. SWIFT.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels, and he ran for his life.
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And screen'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice;
But Tom is a fellow of honour so nice,
Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning.
He fought with all three; thrice ventur'd his life;
Then went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

THE
COMMONS' PETITION
TO KING CHARLES THE SECOND.

BY ROCHESTER.

IN all humility we crave
Our sovereign may be our slave;
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd by us most loyally.
And if he please once to lay down
His sceptre, dignity, and crown,
We'll make him, for the time to come,
The greatest prince in Christendom.

THE KING'S ANSWER.

CHARLES, at this time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

ON
THE STATUE OF NIOBE.
FROM THE GREEK.

TO stone the Gods have chang'd her—but in vain:
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

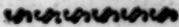
TO
A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

NATURE has done her part : do thou but thine ;
Learning and sense let decency refine.
For vain applause transgress not virtue's rules :
A witty sinner is the worst of fools.

ON
PLUTARCH'S STATUE.
FROM THE GREEK.

BY DRYDEN.

WISE, honest Plutarch ! to thy deathless praise
The sons of Rome this grateful statue raise :
For why ? both Greece and Rome thy fame have shar'd,
Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd.
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own ;
Their lives had parallels—but thine has none.



TO

THE LORD CHANCELLOR KING;

ALLUDING TO HIS MOTTO, "LABOR IPSE VOLUPTAS."

'TIS not the splendor of the place,
 The gilded coach, the purse, the mace,
 And all the pompous train of state,
 With crowds which at the levee wait,
 That make you happy, make you great :
 But when mankind you strive to bless,
 With all the talents you possess ;
 When all the joys you can receive
 Flow from the benefits you give :
 This takes the heart, this conquers spite,
 And makes the heavy burden light :
 True pleasure, rightly understood,
 Is only labour to do good.

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S MILTON.

BY PRIOR.

WITH virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
 In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd :
 Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought—
 Nor had frail Adam fell—nor Milton wrote.

FROM THE GREEK:

BY PRIOR.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll ! revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth :
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch ! return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by ;
Hurt, can I laugh ? and honest, need I cry ?

A
CHARACTER OF AN OLD RAKE.

SCORN'D by the wise, detested by the good,
Nor understanding aught, nor understood ;
Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and pert ;
Proud without spirit, vain without desert ;
Affecting passions vice has long subdued ;
Desperately gay, and impotently lewd ;
And, as thy weak companions round thee sit,
For eminence in folly deem'd a wit.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER A STATUE OF PAINTING, IN THE
POSSESSION OF ROBERT HANLEY, ESQ.

BLEST art, whose magic to the parent's eye
The fading scenes of memory can supply ;
The lover oft, by thy bold hand pourtray'd,
Views the soft semblance of his absent maid ;
Oft checks the tender throb, the struggling sigh,
And wipes the tear from sad affliction's eye ;
Through thee her glance and dimpled cheek beguile,
Return his longing look, and seem to smile ;
Through thee he lulls his wayward thoughts to rest,
And calms the rising tumult of his breast.

TO CUPID.

BY LORD LYTTTELTON.

TO him whose genial wings outspread
O'er chaos, wild abyss,
From blind confusion order bred,
And bade the hubbub cease :
To him who from th' Eternal sprung,
Coeval with his fire,
To him on whose harmonious tongue
Dwells more than human fire :

To him whose mild, whose puissant sway,
The varied world obeys,
To Love I raise the votive lay,
To Love I give the bays.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. DR. LANGHORNE, WITH A PRESENT OF A GOLD-HEADED CANE, ON WHICH WAS THE FOLLOWING MOTTO, "I SECUNDO OMINE."

BY MR. PORTAL.

GO, slender token of my great regard,
Nor doubt acceptance from the gentle bard;
With happy omens on his steps attend,
And bear him all the wishes of his friend:
Go, and when kindly honour'd by his hand,
Be thine the virtues of the magic wand;
Eager to serve, the young desire supply,
And catch th'idea kindling in his eye.
Oft as he lightly lifts thee from the ground,
Let pleasures, wealth, and honours rise around,
Let love, let friendship grace the blissful scene,
Nor danger, care, nor sorrow intervene.
This be thy task for him,—for me remains
A business worthy of thy noblest pains.

Whene'er his friendly touch shall greet thy head,
Through all his veins thy potent influence shed ;
With fancy's pencil tinge each vital part,
And form the donor's image on his heart.

LINES

ON THE BURNING OF LORD MANSFIELD'S LIBRARY,
TOGETHER WITH HIS M.S.S. BY THE MOB,
IN THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1780.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ. OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

SO then—the vandals of our isle,
Sworn foes to sense and law,
Have burnt to dust a nobler pile
Than ever Roman saw.

And Murray fights o'er Pope and Swift,
And many a treasure more,
The well-judg'd purchase, and the gift,
That grac'd his letter'd store.

Their pages mangled, burnt, and torn,
The loss was *his alone*,
But ages yet to come shall mourn
The burning of *his own*.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

FRIENDSHIP! peculiar boon of heav'n,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only giv'n,
To all the lower world deny'd ;

While love, a stranger to the blest,
Parent of thousand wild desires,
The human and the savage breast
Inflames alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly ;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Directress of the brave and just,
O guide me through life's darksome way,
And let the tortures of mistrust
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne'er descend ;
In vain for thee the monarch sighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

When virtues kindred virtues meet,
And sifter souls together join,
Thy pleasures, permanent as great,
Are all transporting, all divine.

Oh, must their ardours cease to glow
When souls to blissful climes remove !
What rais'd our virtues here below,
Shall aid our happiness above.

INSCRIPTION

FOR WARWICK CASTLE.

BY MR. GARRICK.

WHEN Neville, the stout Earl of Warwick, liv'd
here,

Three oxen for breakfast were slain ;
And strangers were welcome to feast and good cheer,
Nay, invited again and again.

But his nerves are so weak, and his spirits so low,
This Earl with no oxen will feed 'em ;
And all of the former fine doings we know,
Is—he gives us a book, and we read 'em.

LINES

ON HEARING A PERSON DECLAIM AGAINST ADMITTING
WOMEN TO GOVERN.

BY FLORIFER.

YOU say a female should not, cannot sway,
Because (you urge) her reason's weak;
Because she's led by whim or love away,
But know—the bees against you speak.

AN

EPISTLE FROM DR. GARTH TO MR. GAY.

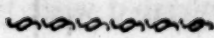
ANACREONTIC.

WHEN Fame did o'er the spacious plains
The lays she once had learn'd, repeat:
And listen'd to the tuneful strains,
And wonder'd who could sing so sweet:
'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the Muses strung,
The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir;
And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung.

AN EPISTLE

FROM MR. GAY TO THE LEARNED AND INGENIOUS DR.
COWARD, AUTHOR OF "LICENTIA POETICA DISCUSSED,
" OR THE TRUE TEST OF POETRY, 1709."

THE vulgar notion of poetic fire
Is, that laborious art can ne'er aspire,
Nor constant studies the bright bays acquire ;
And that high flights the unborn bard receives,
And only nature the due laurel gives :
But you, with innate shining flames endow'd,
To wide Castalian springs point out the God ;
Through your perspective we can plainly see
The new discover'd road of poetry ;
To steep Parnassus you direct the way,
So smooth, that venturous travellers cannot stray ;
But, with unerring steps, rough ways disdain,
And, by you led, the beauteous summit gain,
Where polish'd lays shall raise their growing fames,
And with their tuneful guide enrol their honour'd
names.



GRACE.

BY MR. GARRICK.

YE beaux esprits, say, what is Grace?
 Dwells it in motion, shape, or face?
 Or is it all the three combin'd,
 Guided and soften'd by the mind?
 Where it is not all eyes may see;
 But where it is all hearts agree:
 'Tis there, when, easy in its state,
 The mind is elegantly great;
 Where looks give speech to every feature,
 The sweetest eloquence of nature;
 A harmony of thought and motion,
 To which at once we pay devotion.
 But where to find this nonpareil!
 Where does this female wonder dwell,
 Who can at will our hearts command?
 Behold in public—CUMBERLAND!

QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE QUÆRERE.

BY PRIOR.

FOR what to-morrow shall disclose
 May spoil what you to-night propose:
 England may change; or Chloe stray:
 Love and life are for to-day,

EPIGRAM.

BY MR. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

NATURE'S chief gifts unequally are carv'd;
 She surfeits some, while many more are starv'd;
 Her bread, her wine, her gold, and what before
 Was common good, is now made private store.
 Nothing that's good we have among us common,
 But all possess that common ill—a woman.

EPIGRAM

ON THE RIDING HOUSE AT DUBLIN, TURNED
 INTO A CHAPEL.

BY THE SAME.

A CHAPEL of the Riding-house is made:
 Thus Christ we once more see in manger laid;
 Where we still find the jockey trade supply'd,
 The *laymen* bridled, and the *clergy* ride.

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A YOUNG LADY'S FAN, WHOSE
DEVICE WAS A MONKEY WEIGHING IN A PAIR OF
SCALES A BEAU AGAINST A FEATHER, THE LATTER
OF WHICH SEEM'D TO PREPONDERATE.

BY JOHN FREE, D.D.

STILL to her gen'rous mind may fops appear
Light as a feather, empty as the air !
And as her lovely hands thy leaves display,
Good fan, for ever blow those fops away.

L I N E S

UPON BEING STUNG IN THE FACE BY A BEE, WHOSE STING
WAS TAKEN OUT BY A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE SAME.

IN vain my little foe inflicts the smart,
For Parthenissa draws the venom'd dart.
Her hand can instantaneous ease restore,
And add a thousand joys unfelt before.
Whilst the poor insect by the wound he gave,
Sickens to death, and makes his cell his grave.

Thus by their malice be my foes subdued,
Or made by heav'n the instruments of good :
And thro' my life be this my lot—to feel
Joys from each *smart*, and *good* o'erpaying *ill*.

A

REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

BY PRIOR.

FROM her own native France as old Alison past,
She reproach'd English Nell with neglect or with malice,
That the flattern had left in the hurry and haste,
Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at Calais.

IN

IMITATION OF ANACREON.

BY THE SAME.

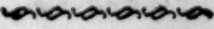
LET 'em censure : what care I ?
The herd of critics I defy.
Let the wretches know I write
Regardless of their grace or spite.
No, no : the fair, the gay, the young
Govern the numbers of my song.

All that they approve is sweet,
And all is sense that they repeat.
 Bid the warbling Nine retire;
Venus, string thy servant's lyre :
Love shall be my endless theme ;
Pleasure shall triumph over fame :
And when these maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine :
May I grasp at empty praise,
And lose the nymph to gain the bays.

A

DUTCH PROVERB.

FIRE, water, woman, are man's ruin :
Says wise professor Vander Bruin.
By flames a house I hir'd was lost
Last year, and I must pay the cost.
This spring the rains o'erflow'd my ground ;
And my best Flanders mare was drown'd.
A slave am I to Clara's eyes ;
The gypsy knows her pow'r, and flies.
Fire, water, woman are my ruin :
And thy great wisdom, Vander Bruin.



THE EYE-BROW.

BY PRIOR.

HER eyebrow-box one morning lost,
(The best of folks are oft'nest croft)
Sad Helen thus to Jenny said,
Her careless but afflicted maid;
" Put me to bed, then, wretched Jane;
" Alas! when shall I rise again?
" I can behold no mortal now:
" For what's an eye without a brow?"

ON

THE SAME SUBJECT.

BY THE SAME.

IN a dark corner of the house
Poor Helen sits, and sobs, and cries:
She will not see her loving spouse,
Nor her more dear piquet allies:
Unless she finds her eyebrows,
She'll e'er weep out her eyes.

~~~~~



## ANOTHER.

BY THE SAME.

HELEN was just slipt into bed,

Her eyebrows on the toilet lay :

Away the kitten with them fled,

As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careless Jane

Affure yourself was loudly rated ;

And Madam getting up again,

With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.

On little things, as fages write,

Depends our human joy, or sorrow :

If we don't catch a mouse to-night,

Alas ! no eyebrow for to-morrow.

## PHILLIS'S AGE.

BY THE SAME.

HOW old may Phillis be, you ask,

Whose beauty thus all hearts engages

To answer is no easy task ;

For she has really two ages.



Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,  
 Her patches, paint, and jewels on ;  
 All day let envy view her face,  
 And Phillis is but twenty one.

Paint, patches, jewels, laid aside,  
 At night astronomers agree,  
 The evening has the day bely'd ;  
 And Phillis is some forty-three.

---

THE  
 CRITICAL MOMENT.

BY THE SAME.

---

HOW capricious were nature and art to poor Nell ;  
 She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.

---

EPIGRAM.  
 TO THE DUKE DE NOAILLES.

---

BY THE SAME.

---

VAIN the concern which you express,  
 That uncalled Alard will possess  
 Your house and coach, both day and night ;  
 And that Macbeth was haunted less  
 By Banquo's restless sprite.

With fifteen thousand pounds a year,  
Do you complain, you cannot bear  
An ill, you may so soon retrieve ?  
Good Alard, faith, is modefter  
By much, than you believe.

Lend him but fifty louis d'or ;  
And you shall never see him more :  
Take the advice, probatum est.  
Why do the Gods indulge our store,  
But to secure our rest ?

---

TO

THE LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY,

SINCE MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN, ON A COLUMN  
OF HER DRAWING.

---

BY THE SAME.

---

WHEN future ages shall with wonder view  
These glorious lines which Harley's daughter drew,  
They shall confess that Britain could not raise  
A fairer column to the father's praise.

~~~~~

ON

TWO CHARACTERS OF THE SAME NAME.

TO rob the public two contractors come,
 One cheats in *corn*, the other cheats in *rum*;
 Which is the greater, if you can, explain,
 A rogue in *spirit*, or a rogue in *grain*?

EXTEMPORE,

ON HEARING THAT MR. GILBERT, AT THE DESIRE OF
 MR. PITT, HAD DEPRIVED THE MAIDS OF HONOUR
 OF THE CANDLES WHICH USED TO LIGHT
 THEM TO BED.

THE *older* Pitt, replete with manly pride,
 To save his country, spread his conquests wide;
 But Pitt the *younger* cribs from what we spend,
 And hopes to save his country with a—candle's end.

EPIGRAM.

"BROTHER bucks, your glasses drain:"—
 "Tom, 'tis strong, and sparkling red."
 "Never fear—'twont reach my *brain*:"
 "No—that's true—but 'twill your *head*,"

ON
THE OPENING OF AN ACADEMY

BY MESSRS. DUKE AND HART, FOR THE PURPOSE OF
TEACHING GROWN GENTLEMEN TO DANCE.

BY GARRICK.

MARSEILLES no more must boast his art,
Which forms the youth of France ;
For you instruct, great Duke and Hart,
Grown gentlemen to dance.

He only bends the pliant twig ;
You strike a bolder stroke ;
You soften rocks, make mountains jig,
And bend the knotted oak !

EPIGRAM.

ANDREWS, 'tis said, a comedy has writ,
Replete throughout with novelty and wit.
If it have wit—to both will I agree ;
For wit from Andrews must be novelty.

ON
THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S

CANVASSING FOR MR. FOX.

ARRAY'D in matchless beauty, Devon's fair,
In Fox's favor takes a zealous part ;
But, oh ! where'er the pilf'rer comes, beware !
She *supplicates* a vote, and *steals* a heart.

TO
A YOUNG LADY,
WITH A PRINT OF VENUS ATTIRED BY THE GRACES.

THAT far superior is thy state,
E'en envy must agree ;
On thee a thousand Graces wait,
On Venus only three.

EPIGRAM.

MIDAS, they say, possess'd the art of old,
Of turning whatsoe'er he touch'd to gold ;
This, modern statesmen can reverse with ease ;
Touch *them* with gold, *they'll turn to what you please.*

ON

LORD OXFORD'S ADVANCEMENT.

PHŒBUS, his course of duty run,
 Setting, becomes a rising sun.
 The luminary of our skies
 Like Phœbus only sets to rise.

*For the following Jeux d'Esprit from the Greek, we
 are indebted to the ingenious Translator of "Epigrams
 selected from the Compilation of Rich. Fr. Phil. Brunk,
 published at Strasburg, 1773."*

FROM MELEAGER.

TO A LADY SINGING.

BY Pan, your voice, my charming maid,
 O'erwhelms my senses with delight ;
 By Nature's partial hand pourtray'd,
 Nor less your form enchants my sight.

Two pleasures, seizing thus my heart,
 One moment of calm peace deny :
 For, whilst your notes such joys impart,
 Dear girl, I hear, I gaze, I die !

FROM THE SAME.

CUPID'S FLIGHT.

WHOE'ER the God of Love has seen,
Must know the wanderer I mean;
That fierce impetuous boy, who fled
This morning early from his bed.
His tears flow gently; and his tongue
Most glibly; with two wings, is hung
A quiver on his back; his air
Intrepid; in his smiles appear
Deceit and archness; who his fire
We know not, and in vain enquire;
Neither the sky, the sea, or earth,
Gave this insidious urchin birth.—
Hated by all, to all a foe.
E'en now he pulls his fatal bow:
I see the rogue in ambush lies,
Lancing his darts from Clara's eyes.

FROM ARCHIAS.

ON AN ECHO.

NO more the sportive Echo chide,
O swain, with notes by you supply'd;
Whilst thus my mimic voice I try;
If you are silent, so am I.

FROM ARCHELAUS.

ON THE STATUE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

BY LYSIPPUS.

SEE Philip's son with dignity appear,
With lion front, and proud imperial air :
Hear him exclaim, upturn'd his piercing eye,
The earth is mine !—Jove, govern thou the sky !

FROM PTOLEMY.

ON ASTRONOMY.

THO' but the being of a day,
When I yon planet's course survey,
This earth I then despise—
Near Jove' eternal throne I stand,
And quaff from an immortal hand
The nectar of the skies.

THE
SPEECH OF DIOGENES TO CHARON.

STERN guardian of this gloomy shore,
Quick push thy crazy bark afloat ;
From yonder world no joys I bore,
Old Charon, to retard thy boat :
A staff, a tub, a stout warm vest,
Were all my store, and all my gains :
Come, ferryman, admit your guest,
And take this penny for your pains.

MYRINUS.
ON RURAL TRANQUILLITY.

THYRSIS, to whom the village maids
Their wandering flocks assign ;
Beneath this pine's embowering shades
Lies sunk in sleep and wine.
The shepherd's crook see Cupid take,
As guardian of the fold.
Haste, nymphs, the drowsy swain awake,
And bid the youth be bold :
Nor let yon famish'd wolf destroy,
That blind, that heedless, wanton boy.

FROM
DIODORUS, JUNIOR.

ON AN EMPTY MONUMENT RAISED TO THEMISTOCLES.

TO brave Themistocles of deathless fame,
Magnaesia's grateful sons this marble raise :
His mighty arm, and far-extended name,
Bade freedom's sacred fire more brightly blaze.

To some remoter clime and happier shore,
Envy the hero's ashes has convey'd :
Magnaesia's race with manly grief deplore
These empty honours to such valour paid.

FROM CAPITO.

ON GRACE.

SHORT is the triumph of that face,
Where beauty shines devoid of grace.
Fish may with joy the bait survey,
The hook alone secures the prey.

FROM

LEONIDAS ALEXAND.

ON A BAD MUSICIAN.

SIMILLUS long in Nature's spite
His patient powers of music tried ;
And toil'd thro' each discordant night,
Till every neighbour fled or died,
Except Origines ; to whom
Kind Fate (the same misfortune fearing),
To save him from an early tomb,
Denied the dangerous sense of hearing.

FROM THE SAME.

ON A VENUS ARMED.

WHY, Venus, art thou clad in arms,
When, conquer'd by your native charms,
The God of Battle dropt his shield ?
Ah, if thy irresistible sway,
A power immortal must obey
Shall feeble man disdain to yield ?

~~~~~

FROM  
PARMENIO MACEDON.

ON CONTENT.

---

WITH this poor humble garb content,  
I on the Muse's bounty live,  
Nor e'er the wealthy will frequent ;  
To flatterers their smiles they give :  
The sweets of freedom whilst I know,  
I scorn the rich man's haughty brow.

---

FROM LUCIAN.  
ON AN OLD LADY PAINTING HER FACE.

---

YOU dye your locks with wond'rous art ;  
But still old age will play its part :  
Trust me, my dear, all art is weak  
To smooth the wrinkles on that cheek :  
Thro' all the poor design we trace,  
You wear a mask instead of face ;  
For all the paint, you look so well in,  
Will ne'er make Hecuba an Helen.

~~~~~

FROM THE SAME.

ON HYPOCRISY.

WHILST Myro, 'midst his roaring friends,
So much sobriety pretends;
Poor Myro, by his ill-tim'd plan,
Appears the only drunken man.

FROM LUCILIUS.

ON AN UGLY COQUET.

HOW falsely does Dorinda's glass,
Reflect her face, whene'er she views it!
If it told truth, I think the lass
Would seldom have a wish to use it.

FROM THE SAME.

ON A SPOUTING POETASTER.

HE is Apollo's genuine priest,
Who richly does his audience feast;
Who, after a prolix recital,
Offers no dinner in requital:
Oh may his patron rightly know him,
And give, in lieu of cash, a poem!

FROM THE SAME.

ON THE PORTRAITS OF DEUCALION AND PHAETON:

BY AN INDIFFERENT PAINTER.

MENESTRATUS, no doubt, you deem
Your toils a due reward require ;
I'll throw Deucalion in that stream,
And fling your Phaeton in the fire.

FROM
PALLADIUS ALEXAND.

ON A DROLL.

TO epigrams I'll bid adieu,
Since blockheads think me so provoking ;
But when Paphlagon's face I view,
I find fresh matter there for joking.

~~~~~

## FROM THE SAME.

ON A LAZY DRUNKEN MAN.

SYLVANUS has two children, one  
 Call'd Sleep, the other Wine ; undone  
 By both his favourites, he attends  
 Neither to study, or his friends.  
 One bids him rise, torments his head ;  
 The other nails him to his bed.

## VERSES

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MONSIEUR MAYNARD,  
 TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

BY THE LATE GEORGE STEPNEY, ESQ.

WHEN money and my blood ran high,  
 My muse was reckon'd wondrous pretty ;  
 The sports and smiles did round her fly,  
 Enamour'd with her smart conceits.

Now, who'd have thought it once ? with pain  
 She strings her harp, whilst freezing age  
 But feebly runs through every vein,  
 And chills my brisk poetic rage.



I properly have ceas'd to live,  
To wine and women dead and low ;  
And soon from fate I shall receive  
A summons to the shades to go.

The warrior ghosts will round me come,  
To hear of fam'd Ramillia's fight,  
Whilst the vex'd Bourbons thro' the gloom  
Retire to th' utmost realms of night.

Then I, my lord, will tell how you  
With pensions every muse inspire ;  
Who Malb'rough's conquests did pursue,  
And to his trumpets tun'd the lyre.

But should some drolling sprite demand,  
Well, Sir, what place had you, I pray ?  
How like a coxcomb should I stand !  
What would your lordship have me say ?

---

THE  
UNREWARDED LOVER.

BY WALSH.

---

LET the dull merchant curse his angry fate,  
And from the winds and waves his fortune wait :  
Let the loud lawyer break his brains, and be  
A slave to wrangling coxcombs for a fee :

Let the rough foldier fight his prince's foes,  
And for a livelihood his life expose :  
I wage no war, I plead no cause but Love's,  
I fear no storms but what Celinda moves.  
And what grave censor can my choice despise ?  
But here, fair charmer, here the diff'rence lies ;  
The merchant, after all his hazards past,  
Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at last ;  
The foldier high in his king's favor stands,  
And, after having long obey'd, commands :  
The lawyer to reward his tedious care,  
Roars on the bench, that babbled at the bar ;  
While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,  
And reap no fruit, no favor, no reward.

---

TO CELIA,

UPON A FAVOR OFFERED.

BY THE SAME.

CELIA, too late you would repent :  
The offering all your store,  
Is now but like a pardon sent  
To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,  
And grant the bliss too late;  
You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,  
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent, as fair,  
When first my court I made;  
But when your falsehoods plain appear,  
My love no longer staid.

Your bounty of those favors shown,  
Whose worth you first deface,  
Is melting valued metals down,  
And giving us the brass.

Oh, since the thing we beg's a toy,  
That's priz'd by love alone,  
Why cannot women grant the joy,  
Before our love is gone?

---

#### EPIGRAM.

BY THE SAME.

---

THRASO picks quarrels when he's drunk at night;  
When sober in the morning dares not fight.  
Thrafo, to shun those ills that may ensue,  
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

EPIGRAM.

TO A FALSE MISTRESS.

BY THE SAME.

THOU said'st that I alone thy heart could move,  
 And that for me thou would'st abandon Jove.  
 I lov'd thee then, nor with a love defil'd,  
 But as a father loves his only child.  
 I know thee now, and tho' I fiercely burn,  
 Thou art become the object of my scorn.  
 See what thy falsehood gets; I must confess  
 I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

TO CELIA,

UPON SOME ALTERATIONS IN HER FACE.

BY THE SAME.

AH, Celia! where are now the charms,  
 That did such wondrous passions move?  
 Time, cruel Time, those eyes disarms,  
 And blunts the feeble darts of love.

What malice does the tyrant bear  
 To women's int'rest, and to ours?  
 Beauties to which the public share,  
 The greedy villain first devours.

Who, without tears, can see a prince,  
That trains of fawning courtiers had,  
Abandon'd, left without defence ?  
Nor is thy helpless fate less sad.

Thou who so many fools hast known,  
And all the fools would hardly do,  
Should'st now confine thyself to one !  
And he, alas ! a husband too !

See the ungrateful slaves, how fast  
They from thy setting glories run ;  
And in what mighty crowds they haste,  
To worship Flavia's rising sun !

In vain are all the practis'd wiles,  
In vain those eyes would love impart ;  
Not all th' advances, all the smiles,  
Can move one unrelenting heart.

While Flavia, charming Flavia still,  
By cruelty her cause maintains ;  
And scarce vouchsafes a careless smile  
To the poor slaves that wear her chains.

Well, Celia, let them waste their tears ;  
But sure they will in time repine,  
That thou hast not a face like hers,  
Or she has not a heart like thine.



EPIGRAM.

---

CHLOE her goffips entertains  
With ftories of her child-bed pains,  
And fiercely againft Hymen rails ;  
But Hymen's not fo much to blame :  
She knows, unlefs her memory fails,  
That, 'ere ſhe married, ſhe'd the fame.

---

LINQUA POTENTIOR ARMIS.

---

THAT ſpeech ſurpaſſes force is no new whim :  
*Jove* cauſ'd the heavens to tremble, *Juno* him.

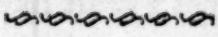
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EPIGRAM.

---

MONEY and man a mutual friendship ſhow ;  
Man makes falſe money, money makes man fo.

---



## VERSES

OCCASIONED BY NICOLINI AND VALENTINI'S FIRST  
COMING TO THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

---

AMPHION strikes the vocal lyre,  
And ready at his call,  
Harmonious brick and stone conspire  
To raise the Theban wall.

In emulation of his praise,  
Two Latian heroes come,  
A sinking theatre to raise,  
And prop Van's tott'ring dome.

But how this last should come to pass,  
Must still remain unknown,  
Since these poor gentlemen, alas!  
Bring neither brick nor stone.

---

## EPIGRAM.

BY ——— D—D. ESQ.

---

MY pelf on paupers I bestow,  
Expiring Saveall said;  
For once let tears from flatt'ers flow  
Without the oinon's aid.

TO  
LADY CARLISLE,  
GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

---

AT once the sun and Carlisle took their way,  
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;  
The flowers to both the glad creation ow'd,  
Their virtues he, their beauties she bestow'd,

---

ON  
A GREAT HOUSE,  
ADORNED WITH STATUES.

---

THE walls are thick, the servants thin,  
The Gods without, the devil within.

---

EPIGRAM.

---

YOUNG Curio would have a spouse that's wife,  
Fair, rich, and young, a maiden for his bed,  
Nor proud, nor churlish, but of faultless size,  
A country housewife in the city bred.  
But he's a fool, and long in vain has staid;  
He should *bespeak* her; there's none *ready made*.

ON  
LADY H. GODOLPHIN.

---

GODOLPHIN'S easy and unpractis'd air,  
Gains without art, and governs without care ;  
Her conquering race with various fate surprize,  
Who 'scape their *arms*, are captives to their *eyes*.

---

EPIGRAM.

---

WHEN Lovelace marry'd Lady Jenny,  
Whose beauty was the ready penny ;  
" I chose her," said he, " like old plate,  
" Not for the *fashion*, but the *weight*."

---

EPIGRAM.

---

THY nags, the leanest things alive,  
So very hard thou lov'st to drive ;  
I heard thy angry coachman say,  
It cost thee more in *whips* than *hay*.

~~~~~

EPIGRAM

ON DR. C—DE'S DYING BY HIS OWN RECIPE.

C—DE who had slain ten thousand men,
 With that small instrument, a pen,
 Being sick, unfortunately try'd
 The point upon himself, and dy'd.

TO

APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM FONTENELLE.

BY THE LATE T. TICKELL, ESQ.

"I AM," cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
 And panting for breath the coy virgin pursu'd,
 When his wisdom, in manner most ample, express'd
 The long list of the graces his Godship possess'd :

"I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays ;"
 Nor for lay, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays ;
 "I'm the god of the harp ; stop, my fairest"—in vain ;
 Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.

“ Ev’ry plant, ev’ry flower, and their virtues I know,
“ God of light I’m above, and of phyfic below :”
At the dreadful word, phyfic, the nymph fled more fast ;
At the fatal word, phyfic, she doubled her haste.

Thou fond God of wisdom, then alter thy phrase,
Bid her view thy young bloom, and thy ravishing rays ;
Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
And, my life for’t, the damsel shall fly to thy arms.

THE
FATAL CURIOSITY.

BY THE SAME.

MUCH had I heard of fair Francelia’s name,
The lavish praises of the-babler, fame,
I thought them such, and went prepar’d to pry,
And trace the charmer with a critic’s eye ;
Resolv’d to find some fault before unspy’d,
And disappointed, if but satisfy’d.
Love pierc’d the vassal heart, that durst rebel,
And where a judge was meant, a victim fell :
On those dear eyes, with sweet perdition gay,
I gaz’d at once my pride and soul away ;
All o’er I felt the luscious poison run,
And, in a look, the hasty conquest won.

Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
 And sports and flutters near the treach'rous blaze,
 Ravish'd with joy, he wings his eager flight,
 Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light ;
 He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
 A bright destruction, and a shining tomb.

ON A LADY'S PICTURE.

TO GILFRED LAWSON, ESQ.

 BY THE SAME.

AS Damon Chloe's painted form survey'd,
 He sigh'd, and languish'd for the jilting shade :
 For Cupid taught the artist hand its grace,
 And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.
 Now he laments a look so vastly fair,
 And almost damns what yet resembles her ;
 Now he devours it with his longing eyes ;
 Now fated, from the lovely phantom flies,
 Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies. }
 Her iv'ry neck his lips presume to kifs,
 And his bold hands the swelling bosom press ;
 The swain drinks in deep draughts of vain desire,
 Melts without heat, and burns in fancy'd fire.

Strange pow'r of paint ! thou nice creator art !
 What love inspires may life itself impart.

Struck with like wounds, of old, Pygmalion pray'd,
And hugg'd to life his artificial maid ;
Clasp, new Pygmalion, clasp the seeming charms,
Perhaps e'en now th' enliv'ning image warms,
Destin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arms :
Thy arms which shall with fire so fierce invade,
That she at once shall be, and cease to be, a maid.

TO DAMON.

YES, Damon, yes, with thee I'll go
Thro' ev'ry hardship life displays ;
With thee I'll tread December's snow,
Or brave the dog-star's fiercest blaze.
Distressful want and perils keen,
With thee I'll unrepining share,
Nor e'er regret the courtly scene,
Where I was fairest of the fair.

But wherefore should thy plaintive breath
The direful close of life pourtray,
Or paint the ruthless arm of death,
Which spreads o'er all despotic sway ?
The village-maid, and scepter'd queen,
Alike his gloomy empire share,
Nor will he, 'mid the courtly scene,
Regard the fairest of the fair.

By danger, or by want, when press'd,
 My heart thy love will ne'er forego,
 But when thy verse alarms my breast,
 By evils, all are doom'd to know,
 No more I hear that voice serene,
 No more I see that anxious care,
 Which woo'd me in the courtly scene,
 Where I was fairest of the fair.

Yes, Damon!—constant by thy side
 Thy faithful Nancy would remain,
 The frowns of fortune would abide,
 And sooth the languid couch of pain.
 But do not deem my love so mean,
 Unmov'd my Damon's death to bear,
 Tho' many such perhaps are seen,
 Among the fairest of the fair.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE
 KIT-CAT CLUB. 1703.

BY THE EARL OF HALLIFAX.

DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

THE line of Vere so long renown'd in arms,
 Concludes with lustre in St. Albans charms;
 Her conquering eyes have made their race compleat,
 They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

OFFSPRING of a tuneful fire,
Blest with more than mortal fire :
Likeness of a mother's face,
Blest with more than mortal grace :
You with double charms surprize,
With his wit, and with her eyes.

LADY MARY CHURCHILL.

FAIREST and latest of the beauteous race,
Blest with your parents wit, and her first blooming face ;
Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty restrain.

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

OF two fair Richmonds different ages boast,
Theirs was the first, and ours the brightest toast ;
Th' adorers offerings prove who's most divine,
They sacrific'd in water, we in wine.

LADY SUNDERLAND.

ALL nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear:
Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

MADEMOISELLE SPANHEIME.

ADMIR'D in Germany, ador'd in France,
Your charms to brighter glory here advance;
The stubborn Britons own your beauty's claim,
And with their native toasts enroll your name.

EPIGRAM.

WE men have many faults,
Poor women have but two—
There's nothing good they say;
There's nothing good they do.

~~~~~

## THE DECANter.

OH! thou that high thy head dost bear,  
With smooth round neck, and single ear,  
With well-turn'd narrow mouth, from whence  
Flow streams of noblest eloquence;  
'Tis thou that fir'st the bard divine,  
Sacred to Phœbus and the Nine;  
That mirth and soft delight canst move,  
Sacred to Venus and to love;  
Yet, spite of all thy virtues rare,  
Thou'rt not a boon-companion fair;  
Thou'rt full of wine, when thirsty I,  
And when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

## EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1686.

UNHAPPIER age who ever saw,  
When truth doth pass for treason,  
When every blockhead's will for law,  
And coxcomb's sense for reason?

Religion's made a bawd of state,  
To serve the pimps and panders;  
Our liberty a prison grate,  
And Irishmen commanders.

Oh! how thrice wretched is our fate !

What dangers do we run !

We must be wicked to be great ;

And to be just, undone.

'Tis thus our sovereign keeps his word,

And makes the nation great ;

To Irishmen he trusts the sword,

To Jesuits the state.

---

TO

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

---

I CHARGE thee, knight, in great Apollo's name,

If thou'rt not dead to all reproof and shame,

Either thy rhymes or phyfic to disclaim ;

Both are too much our feeble brain to rack,

Besides, the bard will soon undo the quack ;

Such shoals of readers thy damn'd fustian kills,

Thou'lt scarce leave one alive to take thy pills.

---

ON DIDO.

FROM AUSONIUS.

---

POOR queen! twice doom'd disastrous love to try,  
You fly the dying ; for the flying die.

## FROM BUCHANAN.

ON POPE JUNIUS II.

---

THY father Genoese, thy mother Greek,  
Born on the sea; who truth in thee would seek?  
Liguria's false, false Greece, and false the sea,  
False all; and all the falsehoods meet in thee.

---

TO

MR. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON HIS PLAYS.

---

BY THE EARL OF DORSET.

---

THOU damn'd antipodes to common sense,  
Thou foil to Flecknoe, prythee tell me whence  
Does all this mighty stock of dullness spring?  
Is it thy own, or hast it from Snow-hill,  
Assisted by some ballad-making quill?  
No, they fly higher yet, thy plays are such,  
I'd swear they were translated out of Dutch.  
Fain I would know what diet thou dost keep,  
If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?  
Some hasty pudding is thy chiefest dish,  
With bullocks liver, or some stinking fish:



Garbage, ox-cheeks, and tripes do feast thy brain,  
Which nobly pay this tribute back again.  
With daisy roots thy dwarfish muse is fed,  
A giant's body with a pygmy's head.  
Can'st thou not find, among thy numerous race  
Of kindred, one to tell thee that thy plays  
Are laught at by the pit, box, galleries, nay, the stage?  
Think on't awhile, and thou wilt quickly find  
Thy body made for labor, not thy mind.  
No other use of paper thou should'st make,  
Than carrying loads and reams about upon thy back.  
Carry vast burthens 'till thy shoulders shrink,  
But curst be he that gives thee pen and ink :  
Such dangerous weapons should be kept from fools,  
As nurses from their children keep edged tools :  
For thy dull fancy a munkinder is fit  
To wipe the flabberings of thy snotty wit :  
And tho' 'tis late, if justice could be found,  
Thy plays, like blind-born puppies, should be drown'd ;  
For were it not that we respect afford  
Unto the son of an heroic lord,  
Thine in the ducking-stool should take her feat,  
Drest like herself in a great chair of state ;  
Where like a muse of quality she'd die,  
And thou thyself shalt make her elegy  
In the same style thou writ'st thy comedy.

}



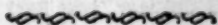
TO  
THE COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER,  
MISTRESS TO KING JAMES THE SECOND. WRITTEN IN 1680.

BY THE SAME.

TELL me, Dorinda, why so gay,  
Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace?  
Can any dresses find a way,  
To stop th' approaches of decay,  
And mend a ruin'd face?

Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,  
Still ogle in the ring?  
Canst thou forget thy age, small-pox?  
Can all that shines on shells and rocks  
Make thee a fine young thing?

So have I seen in larder dark  
Of veal a lucid loin;  
Replete with many a brilliant spark,  
As wise philosophers remark,  
At once both stink and shine.



## ON THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

---

**P**ROUD with the spoils of royal cully,  
With false pretence to wit and parts,  
She swaggers like a batter'd bully,  
To try the tempers of mens' hearts.

Tho' she appear as glittering fine  
As gems, and jests, and paint can make her;  
She ne'er can win a breast like mine;  
The devil and Sir David \* take her.

---

BY THE SAME.

---

**M**AY the ambitious ever find  
Success in crowds and noise,  
While gentle love does fill my mind  
With silent real joys.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,  
And the world thinks 'em wise;  
While I lie dying at her feet,  
And all the world despise.

\* Sir David Colyear, late Earl of Portmore.

---

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,  
And melt in court delights;  
Her eyes can give much brighter days,  
Her arms much softer nights.

---

## VERSES

OCCASIONED BY HEARING THE REV. EDWARD ———  
PREACH AGAINST FLATTERY.

BY ——— D—D, ESQ.

IF other faults be Ned's, 'tis plain  
*Self-love* ne'er fir'd the elf;  
For while a sycophant's his bane,  
He's baneful to himself.

---

## TO HIS BOOK.

BY W. WALSH, ESQ.

GO, little book, and to the world impart,  
The faithful image of an am'rous heart;  
Those who love dear, deluding pains have known,  
May in thy fatal stories read their own.  
Those who have liv'd from all its torments free,  
May find the thing they never felt, by me;

Perhaps, advis'd, avoid the gilded bait,  
And, warn'd by my example, shun my fate.  
While with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,  
I view the waves on which I once was tost.  
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,  
Suspensions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars ;  
Then peace again. Oh, would it not be best,  
To chase the fatal poison from our breast ?  
But since so few can live from passion free,  
Happy the man, and only happy he,  
Who with such lucky stars begins his love,  
That his cool judgement does his choice approve.  
Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away ;  
What's built upon esteem can ne'er decay.

---

## DEATH.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT has this bugbear death that's worth our care ?  
After a life in pain and sorrow past,  
After deluding hope, and dire despair,  
Death only gives us quiet at the last.

How strangely are our love and hate misplac'd !  
Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee ;  
Courting those tyrant sins that chain us fast,  
And shunning death that only sets us free.

'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains,  
Why should they fear who keep their souls from stains ?  
That makes me dread thy terrors, death, to see :  
'Tis not the loss of riches, or of fame,  
Or the vain toys the vulgar *pleasures* name,  
'Tis nothing, Celia, but the losing thee.

---

## TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT fury does disturb my rest ?  
What hell is this within my breast ?  
Now I abhor, and now I love ;  
And each an equal torment prove.  
I see Celinda's cruelty,  
I see she loves all men but me ;  
I see her falsehood, see her pride,  
I see ten thousand faults beside ;  
I see she sticks at nought that's ill ;  
Yet, oh, ye powers ! I love her still.  
Others on precipices run,  
Which, blind with love, they cannot shun.  
I see my danger, see my ruin,  
Yet seek, yet court my own undoing :  
And each new reason I explore  
To hate her, makes me love her more.



## THE RECONCILEMENT.

BY THE SAME.

---

BE gone, ye sighs ! be gone, ye tears !  
Be gone, ye jealousies and fears !  
Celinda swears she never lov'd,  
Celinda swears none ever mov'd  
Her heart, but I. If this be true,  
Shall I keep company with you ?  
What, tho' a senseless rival swore  
She said as much to him before ?  
What tho' I saw him in her bed ?  
I'll trust not what *I saw*, but what *she said*.  
Curse on the prudent and the wise,  
Who ne'er believe such pleasing lies :  
I grant she only does deceive ;  
I grant 'tis folly to believe ;  
But by this folly I vast pleasures gain,  
While you, with all your wisdom, live in pain.

---

A SHORT VISIT.

---

SO the long absent Winter sun,  
When of the cold we most complain,  
Comes slow, but swift away does run,  
Just shows the day, and sets again.

So the prime beauty of the Spring,  
The virgin lily, courts our eyes;  
No sooner blown, but the gay thing  
Steals from th' admirer's sight, and dies.

The gaudy sweets of th' infant year,  
That ravish both the smell and view,  
Do thus deceitfully appear,  
And fade as soon as smelt unto.

Amynta, tho' she was more fair  
Than untouch'd lilies, chaste as snows,  
Welcome as suns in Winter are,  
And sweeter than the blooming rose;

Yet when she brought, as late she did,  
All that a dying heart could ease,  
And by her swift return forbid  
The joys to last, she's too like these.

Ah, tyrant beauty! do you thus  
Increase our joy to make it less?  
And do you only shew to us  
A heaven, without design to bless?

This was unmercifully kind,  
And all our bliss too dear has cost;  
For is it not a hell to find  
We had a paradise that's lost?

## TO HIS MISTRESS.

AGAINST MARRIAGE.

---

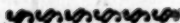
BY THE SAME.

---

YES, all the world must sure agree,  
He, who's secur'd of having thee,  
Will be entirely blest ;  
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,  
To make one who had been so long  
My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought those things to be confin'd,  
That were for public good design'd :  
Could we, in foolish pride,  
Make the sun always with us stay,  
'Twould burn our corn and grafs away,  
To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright  
Two souls which passion does unite ;  
For while our love does last,  
Neither will strive to go away ;  
And why the devil should we stay,  
When once that love is past ?



## TO A LADY,

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOENIX.

BY T. TICKELL, ESQ.

LAVISH of wit, and bold appear the lines,  
Where Claudian's genius in the Phœnix shines;  
A thousand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,  
And the gay poem, like its theme, adorn'd :  
A tale more strange ne'er grac'd the poet's art,  
Nor e'er did fiction play so wild a part.  
Each fabled charm in matchless Celia meets,  
The heavenly colours, and ambrosial sweets ;  
Her virgin bosom chaster fire supplies,  
And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes ;  
O'erflowing wit th' imagin'd wonder drew,  
But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.  
Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom disclose,  
Th'untainted lily, and unfolding rose ;  
Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face,  
You speak a Syren, and you move a Grace ;  
Nor shall time urge these beauties to decay,  
While virtue gives what years shall steal away.  
The fair, whose youth can boast the worth of age,  
In age shall with the charms of youth engage ;  
In ev'ry change, still lovely, still the same,  
A fairer Phœnix in a purer flame.

TO  
MRS. LOWTHER, ON HER MARRIAGE,  
FROM MENAGE.

BY THE SAME.

THE greatest swain that treads th' Arcadian grove,  
Our shepherds envy, and our virgins love,  
His charming nymph, his softer fair obtains,  
The bright Diana of our flowery plains.  
He, 'midst the graceful, of superior grace,  
And she, the loveliest of the loveliest race.

Thy fruitful influence, guardian Juno, shed,  
And crown the pleasures of the genial bed;  
Raise thence, their future joy, a smiling heir,  
Brave as the father, as the mother fair.  
Well may'st thou show'r thy choicest gifts on those,  
Who boldly rival thy most hated foes;  
The vigorous bridegroom with Alcides vies,  
And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes.

EPIGRAM.

WIT and beauty once contended  
Which should reign in Celia's arms;  
Both an equal claim pretended  
To be sole monarch of her charms:



'Till, at last, they both agreed  
To maintain alternate sway ;  
One by night to bless her bed,  
One to win her heart by day.

---

## ON WALLER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. ST. EVREMONT.

BY MR. RYMER.

VAIN gallants, look on Waller, and despair ;  
He, only he, may boast the grand receipt ;  
Of fourscore years he never feels the weight :  
Still in his element, when with the fair ;  
There, gay and fresh, drinks in the rosy air :  
There, happy he enjoys his leisure hours ;  
Nor thinks of winter, while amidst his flowers.

---

## EPIGRAM.

" CUPID ! instruct an amorous swain,  
" Some way to tell the nymph his pain,  
" To common youths unknown :  
" To talk of sighs, of flames, of darts,  
" Of bleeding wounds, and burning hearts,  
" Are methods vulgar grown."

- “ What need’st thou tell ?” the god replied,  
“ That love the shepherd cannot hide  
“ The nymph will quickly find :  
“ When Phœbus does his beams display,  
“ To tell men gravely that ’tis day,  
“ Is to suppose them blind.”
- 

IN PUELLAM SEPTENTRIONALEM.

---

QUANQUAM sub gelidis sit virgo trionibus orta,  
Delicias almi pectore veris habet.  
Infecit candore cutem nix ; cætera flammâ,  
Phœbe, vigent radios exuperante tuos.

---

TRANSLATED.

---

THOUGH from the North the damsel came,  
All spring is in her breast ;  
Her skin is of the driven snow,  
But sun-shine all the rest.

---

PETER TRIUMPHANT;  
OR, SPLIT-BOTTLE DEFEATED.

BY DR. REDMAN.

— Magno de flumine malle  
Quam ex hoc fonticulo tantundem haurire. Hor.

PETER\* to Ashridge went to dine,  
Peter, a lover of good wine;  
The table is with dainties spread,  
The guests advance, and grace is said.  
In comes the ven'son—oh, how sweet  
Looks Peter on the savoury meat!  
See! how he lays about amain,  
And eats, and drinks, and eats again!  
'Tis done—he's fill'd—and thanks are given,  
First to her Grace, and then to heaven.  
Next come the glasses—healths go round:  
The bottle soon is emptied found.  
“ My dear,” quoth Peter to his friend,  
“ See, here!—all things must have an end—  
“ The bottle's out—You, Master Tough †—  
“ But han't I interest enough  
“ To bid the butler bring another?”  
“ Yes, sure,” replies the holy brother.

\* Dr. Peter Waldo, rector of Aston Clinton, Bucks.

† The Chaplain, rector of St. Paul's Covent Garden.

" Hark ye ! you—Mr. what's your name !  
 " Bring a fresh bottle of the same !"  
 He goes, returns, but oh, the fight !  
 Hell could not raise an uglier spright :  
 He brings (perhaps, by lordly hint),  
 He brings, alas ! a single pint.  
 " What's here ?" says Peter in some wrath :  
 " A pint !—the devil !—by my troth,  
 " I'll sconce thee, puppy, for these tricks,  
 " I'll halve the pence, and give but fix.  
 " Spite of your garb, I'll pay no more ;  
 " No, not a farthing :—I have sworn.  
 " But fetch a quart, and I am willing  
 " To make that fixpence up a shilling."  
 The quart is brought, and honest Peter,  
 The bill amended, pays the waiter.

---

MORAL.

---

YE Gods ! avert from men divine  
 Such eye-fores as a pint of wine !

---

EPIGRAM.

---

WHEN Thomas styles his wife his half,  
 I like the fellow's whim ;  
 For why ? she horns him ; so the jilt  
 Belongs but half to him.

## VERSES

OCCASIONED BY READING LORD BACON'S FLATTERY TO  
KING JAMES THE FIRST.

BY DR. WHALLEY.

YE, to whom heaven imparts its special fires,  
Whose breasts the wond'rous, quickening beam inspires,  
That sheds strong eloquence's melting rays,  
Or scatters forth the bright poetic blaze ;  
Look here, and learn, those gifts how low and light,  
If conscious dignity guides not their flight ;  
How mean, when human pride their service claims,  
And Bacon condescends to flatter James.

## FORTUNE.

AN EPIGRAM.

BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

WHEN Fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear  
Some lurking ill, and hidden mischief near :  
Us'd to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,  
And, arm'd in virtue, keep my soul prepar'd.  
Fickle and false to others she may be,  
I can complain but of her constancy.

—— Virtutem a me,  
Fortunam ex aliis.



## EPIGRAM.

BY THE EARL OF DORSET.

---

DORINDA'S sparkling wit, and eyes,  
United cast too fierce a light,  
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,  
Pains not the heart, but hurts the fight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,  
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace ;  
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,  
That runs his link full in your face.

---

## VERSES

WRITTEN AT ALTHROP, IN A BLANK LEAF OF WALLER'S  
POEMS, UPON SEEING VANDYKE'S PICTURE OF  
THE OLD LADY SUNDERLAND.

---

VANDYKE had colours, softness, fire, and art,  
When the fair Sunderland inflam'd his heart.  
Waller had numbers, fancy, wit, and fire,  
And Sacharissa was his fond desire.  
Why then at Althorp seem her charms to faint  
In those sweet numbers, and that glowing paint ?  
This happy feat a fairer mistress warms ;  
This shining offspring has eclips'd her charms :

The different beauties in one face we find ;  
Soft Amoret with brightest Sacharissa join'd.  
As high as nature reach'd their art could soar ;  
But she ne'er made a finish'd piece before.

---

## VERSES

WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE  
KIT-CAT CLUB. 1703.

---

BY SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

---

## LADY CARLISLE.

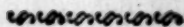
CARLISLE'S a name can every muse inspire,  
To Carlisle fill the glafs, and tune the lyre.  
With his lov'd bays the god of day shall crown  
A wit and lustre equal to his own.

---

## LADY ESSEX.

THE bravest hero, and the brightest dame,  
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew ;  
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame  
The awful thunder and the gentle dew.

---



THE SAME.

---

TO Essex fill the sprightly wine,  
The health's engaging and divine :  
Let purest odours scent the air,  
And wreaths of roses bind our hair.

---

LADY HYDE.

---

THE God of wine grows jealous of his art,  
He only fires the head, but she the heart.  
The queen of love looks on, and smiles to see  
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

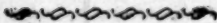
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## ON

LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

---

HYDE, tho' in agonies, her graces keeps,  
A thousand charms the nymphs complaints adorn,  
In tears of dew so mild Aurora weeps,  
But her bright offspring is the chearful morn.



LADY WHARTON.

---

WHEN Jove to Ida did the Gods invite,  
And in immortal toasting pass'd the night,  
With more than nectar he the banquet blest'd,  
For Wharton was the Venus of the feast.

---

TO

THE DUCHESS OF B——,

ON HER STAYING ALL THE WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

---

BY THE SAME.

---

CEASE rural conquests, and set free your swains,  
To Dryads leave the groves, to nymphs, the plains;  
In penfive dales alone let Echo dwell,  
And each sad sigh she hears with sorrow tell.  
Haste, let your eyes at Kent's \* pavilion shine,  
It wants but stars, and then the work's divine.  
Of late fame only tells of yielding towns,  
Of captive generals, and protected crowns :  
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,  
Lines forc'd, states vanquish'd, provinces o'er-run,  
And all Alcides' labours summ'd in one. }

\* A gallery at St. James's, built by the Earl of Kent.

The brave must to the fair now yield the prize,  
 And English arms submit to English eyes :  
 In which bright list among the first you stand ;  
 Tho' each a goddess, or a Sunderland.

---

ON  
 ORPHEUS

AND

SIGNORA FRANCISCA MARGARITTA:

BY THE EARL OF HALLIFAX.

---

HAIL, tuneful pair! say, by what wond'rous charms  
 One scap'd from hell, and one from Greber's arms ?  
 When the soft Thracian touch'd the trembling strings,  
 The winds were hush'd, and curl'd their airy wings :  
 And when the tawny Tuscan rais'd her strain,  
 Rook furls his sails, and dares it on the main.  
 Treaties unfinish'd in the office sleep,  
 And Shovel yawns for orders on the deep.  
 Thus equal charms and equal conquests claim ;  
 To him high woods and bending timber came ;  
 To her shrub-hedges and tall Nottingham.





THE  
DESPAIRING LOVER.

BY WILLIAM WALSH, ESQ.

---

DISTRACTED with care,  
For Phillis the fair ;  
Since nothing could move her,  
Poor Damon her lover,  
Resolves in despair  
No longer to languish,  
Nor bear so much anguish :  
But, mad with his love,  
To a precipice goes ;  
Where a leap from above  
Would soon finish his woes.

II.

When in rage he came there,  
Beholding how steep  
The fides did appear,  
And the bottom how deep ;  
His torments projecting,  
And sadly reflecting,  
That a lover forsaken  
A new love may get ;  
But a neck, when once broken,  
Can never be set :

And that he could die  
Whenever he would ;  
But that he could live  
But as long as he could :  
How grievous soever  
The torment might grow,  
He scorn'd to endeavour  
To finish it so.  
But bold, unconcern'd  
At the thoughts of the pain,  
He calmly return'd  
To his cottage again.

THE END.

20 MR 51

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